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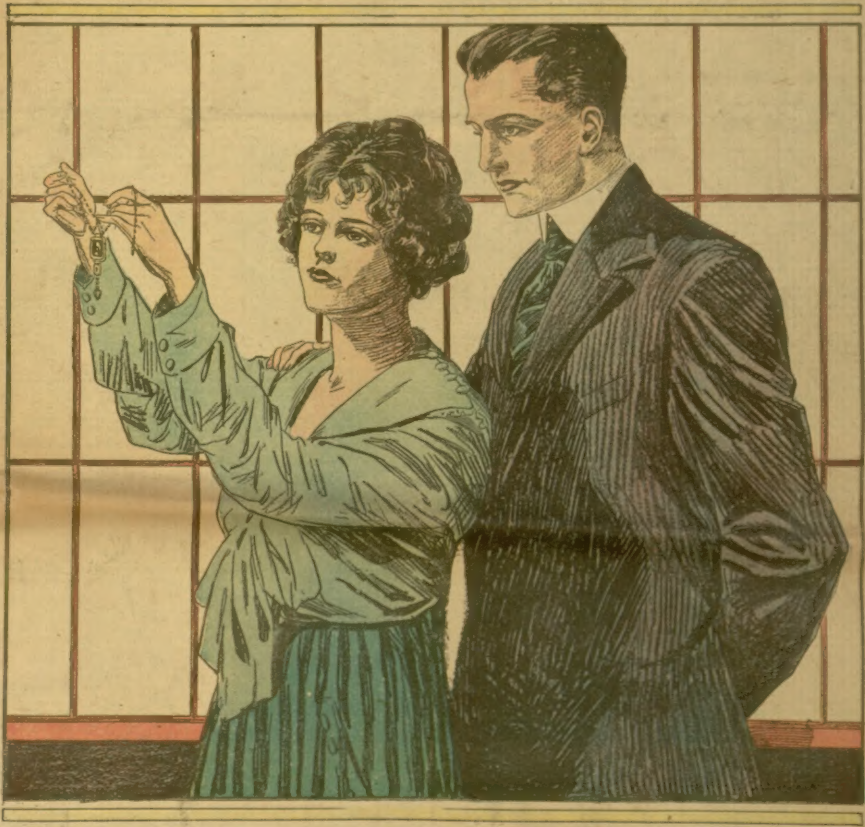

# The Mandalore Princess

-:- Or, -:-

## The Great Ruby of Roo

### By Will Gage Carey

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CHAPTER I.

"MARTELLA," I said, "is there another like it in the whole world?"

We were standing in the sun garden upon the roof of the Royal Arms. She was holding aloft in her slender fingers a dangling necklace in such a manner that the bright sunlight fell full against a glittering jewel, a gem which gleamed and glistened and shot forth rosy glints and darts of fire as from a soul aflame.

She replaced the pendant around her neck, lingeringly, as tho loath to quit the glorious spectacle, made so ravishingly beautiful by the sun.

"Another jewel like the Ruby of Roo?" she queried, dreamily, "in the whole world?"

My own observation had been in the form of an exclamation, rather than a question; I was amazed then when she went on:

"Yes, Harold, beautiful as it is, there is one other equal to it in every respect."

"Equal to the Ruby of Roo!" I exclaimed, doubtingly. "Why, Martella—there can't be!"

"There is," she maintained firmly, "an exact duplicate."

I could scarcely believe her.

"Strange," I said, "you never told me this before."

"You never asked me."

"Where is this other jewel?"

"On the island of Zanora."

"Where is that island?"

"In the Southern Seas."

"And this other ruby——"

"Is in a temple there."

Her words filled me with strange emotions; a feeling of discontent, somehow. Already I was envious of the owner of this other ruby—the rival of our own, I had thought such a thing impossible.

"To whom does this jewel you speak of belong?" I asked.

She laughed, as she answered:

"The Goddess of Khan."

"I don't know the lady."

"No?"

"What is she like?"

"Well, in a way, she is attractive, tho rather large-featured. Formerly, her eyes were simply dazzling——"

"Why 'formerly'?"

"Because now she has but one eye."

"How so?"

"Because of a sailor," she answered, smiling. "Many a woman has lost her head over a sailor-man—she lost an eye!"

I looked at Martella quizzically; I concluded that she was merely "kidding" me, so I remarked flippantly:

"Very sad, indeed. How does she seem to bear up after her loss?"

"Well, she doesn't complain; she never talks——"

"A woman!" I broke in, "and 'doesn't complain'—'never talks'—say——"

"This woman," she added quickly, "is a wooden idol."

"Oh, well," I said, "that's different."

"She stands in the temple of Khan, which is deep in the interior of a great cavern."

"And this sailor you mentioned?"

"Got ashore on Zanora in some manner. He blackened his face—his body. He got into the cavern. He fooled the natives; he knelt before the goddess to pray—and he fooled her——"

"The son-of-a-gun!"

"Then, when he was left alone a few moments with the Goddess of Khan——"

"Yes—yes!"

"He poked out her left eye—a great flaming ruby."

"And escaped with the jewel?"

"No; they caught him. I never heard what his fate was; it must have been something terrible."

"But the eye of the goddess?"

"Was never replaced; it has been desecrated. All this happened years ago, you know. The jewel passed from the hands of the ruler of Zanora to another ruler——"

I gave a sudden start.

"You don't mean the ruler of Roo!" I exclaimed.

She nodded. "Yes, him; from him to me—to us, when I came to you."

Queer little girl. It was strange that she never had told me this before! Perhaps she feared to tell me; feared the very fancy I now felt stealing over me with subtle, irresistible force. I was silent; she sat watching me with ever increasing uneasiness.

"Oh, it was foolish of me to tell you of this other ruby!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I thought I never would."

Then, in hurried, fervid words, she went on to tell me of the awful perils with which a trip to Zanora would be attended; of the Zanoras themselves, the most powerful, cunning, bloodthirsty tribe in all the South Sea isles; how even the large trading vessels feared to make a landing at Zanora; how the isle was shunned by even the most daring as more dangerous than a place of pestilence. I listened to her words as one in a trance; to her entreaties, her pleadings; all her little subterfuges by which she sought to divert my mind from the obsession which she feared—and truly—was upon me.

"Let's go down to our apartments, Martella," I said, at length. "I want—I want to think."

She said not a word more; but I heard a little stifled sob as she took my arm and we went below.

### CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER jewel the exact duplicate of the Ruby of Roo! I wished, almost, that Martella had not told me; I could think of nothing else. Always of a roving, adventurous nature, the information she had imparted in the summer garden served to arouse the spirit of wanderlust. I could no longer enjoy the possession of our own ruby; somehow, it seemed incomplete without its mate.

This is the way I sized up the matter: In the South Sea lay the island of Zanora; on that island, a temple; in that temple, an idol; in the wooden head of that idol, an immense blood-red ruby!

Now, a way could be found into that temple; this much was proved by the sailor of whom Martella spoke. True, this unfortunate adventurer met with disaster while attempting to make his getaway; but the next one to try it might slip one over on the Zanoras; might—oh, well, I simply could not break loose from the obsession that I was the chosen one of Israel to pull this stunt successfully.

Here a point of ethics—of principle—might arise. What moral right did I have to this other ruby? It was the Zanoras' own temple, their idol, their ruby, their belief! What right, then? Simply this: From what Martella told me, I knew that terrible orgies took place in that temple; that the Goddess of Khan, with her one good eye, looked down upon the cruel sacrifice of human life, the spilling of blood of innocent young maidens, of men, too, not so innocent, perhaps, but still human beings. Was this thing right? It didn't seem so to me.

Now, I am no handsome life-saver, but I felt that if I could go to Zanora, pluck this right eye from the cruel idol as a coal from the burning, I would indeed be doing a service to humanity. I would show the wooden-headed goddess up as a female bunko steerer; the zealous Zanoras would lead purer, better, less deluded lives. And I—well, that right-eye ruby would make a stunning running mate for our own; the pair of them would put up a blaze that would be a knockout for fair! But this should be understood, here and now: I had, as will be seen clearly from the above, the interests of the Zanoras at stake, as well as our own. In just what per cent this ratio existed it is perhaps not necessary to dwell. But the two of those rubies together!

Now, another thing: Was it quite fair to Martella—a little bride of three months—for me to go gallivanting off on this perilous mission, lured on to countless dangers and possible death by the gleaming eye of a goddess whose head was filled with solid mahogany? Martella thought not, and she didn't fail to tell me so.

"We have the one eye," she protested, "the precious Ruby of Roo. Why not leave well enough alone?"

"That's just it, Martella," I broke in; "we have the one eye of the goddess; its value would be multiplied twenty times over if we likewise had in our possession the gleaming mate to it!"

Her tears, warnings, pleadings were alike without avail. I am glad to say, however, that finding I was determined to go, she ceased to cry, and helped me in all ways possible to get ready. Her advice, for one who really knew so little of such things, was plenteous, and at times practical.

"If you must go to that dreadful island," she said, to me, "you must go fully armed. Take both your automatics; keep them always within reach. And another thing, Harold——"

"Well, girlie?"

"You must sail by way of Hong-Kong; do that much to please me."

"Why Hong-Kong?"

"Look up your former bunky there; use your powers of persuasion upon him; take him with you on this hazardous adventure. I'll feel safer knowing that he is with you. He is a fighter; and he'll stand by thru thick and thin. The trip, at best, will be fraught with dangers and uncertainties; two can undertake it better than one."

"You mean——"

"I mean, that before you set forth for the Southern Seas, you will first find and interest in your mad exploit that other valiant, roving sailor-man—Ransom Reeves."

This promise I made and kept.

### CHAPTER III.

HONG-KONG (properly Hiang-Kiang, the place of "sweet lagoons") is a British island-possession situated off the southeast coast of China. It is one of a small cluster named by the Portuguese "Ladrones," or Thieves; this because of the notorious and by no means praiseworthy habits, pursuits and pastimes of certain earlier inhabitants in days gone by.

On the northern shore, at Matheson Point, is a patent slip, which is serviceable during the northeast monsoon, when sailing vessels approach Victoria, the island capital, thru the Ly-e-mun Pass.

Those who have visited Victoria by way of this pass will recall at once how the city is built in three layers, or strata. First, the esplanade, given over to shipping; then the second stratum of the city, a ten-minute climb up the side of the island; finally, the third layer, known as "the Peak," and dotted by the pretty bungalow homes of the island aristocracy.

Here, in this third zone, I found my old messmate. Not that Ransom Reeves was any aristocrat; far from it. But the island Governor had his residence upon the Peak; Ransom was sort of combined valet, chum and especial adviser to the Governor; so it was here, amongst the classy set, that I found my former bunky domiciled.

He was glad to see me,-yes, very glad. We talked over old times together with mutual enjoyment; but when I intimated that I had a new adventure on hand in which I wanted him to join, he didn't jump at the chance with the keenness of former days.

"What's the matter, Ransom?" I said reproachfully. "Not getting old already, I hope."

He looked at me with the whimsical smile I had known of yore.

"Gettin' 'old' is right, Harold," he answered. "I feel I am 'most old enough now for the Federal League."

"And you don't want to take a little run down to the South Pacific——"

"Why should I?" he queried. "I've got a snug berth here with the Governor. I have my own little bungalow; an' besides, I'm thinkin' some of gettin' married——"

"'Married'!" I broke in. "I can't believe that, Ransom."

"Fact. I've got everything all planned out and decided upon; next June is the time. You see, everything is arranged even to the smallest detail—with one exception."

"And that?"

"Is the woman."

"Doesn't—doesn't she love you?"

"That is what worries me; I don't know."

"'Don't know'! Haven't you asked her?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"I've never seen her!"

That was just like old Ransom—making all plans for a wedding, even to fixing the time, before he found a woman that would have him! I sat down upon the steps of his little bungalow and laughed till the tears came. He didn't mind, but just sat there watching me, placidly smoking his pipe. To me the notion was ridiculous; still, I determined then and there to make use of it, practically, and to my own advantage, if forced by necessity to do so.

"Ransom," I said, at length, "you've roamed the seas a lot. Now, tell me—have you ever heard of idols in the South Seas that had jewels for eyes?"

"Many a time," he answered promptly.

I moved over toward him eagerly.

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Now, Ransom, just where did you hear of an idol with jewel eyes?"

He removed his pipe and refilled it with provoking deliberation.

"In magazine stories," he answered, at length, "an' similar light fiction. Believe me, that is the only place such things exist!"

His answer was a disappointment to me. Ransom knew the isles of the South Seas as an astronomer knows his planetary map of the heavens. His statements regarding all pertaining to such islands should be respected, accepted as final. Still, I could not give up at once the belief which had brought me forth. Martella, perhaps, had inside information concerning the temple of Khan. I told him what she had imparted to me, and of our own possession—the Ruby of Roo—which latter would seem to substantiate her belief in an idol with jewel eyes. I repeated her story in detail and as graphically as I could.

"Now, Ransom," I said, in conclusion, "what do you think of it?"

"Bunk!" he answered promptly.

"And—and you don't believe Martella's story?"

"Naw—an' if I did, seventeen million ruby-eyed hen-idols couldn't get me to horn into no temple on Zanora Island."

"Scared, are you?" I commented scathingly. "And I told Martella I could count on you—always; but you've lost your old-time nerve; you've got a streak of yellow down your back as wide as your coat. You'd better stay right here, and bellhop for your Governor!"

He didn't get sore; he just sat there drawing on his long pipe.

"I know Zanora!" he said complacently.

### CHAPTER IV.

I HAD no right whatever to talk to Ransom like that; I was sorry for the way I had spoken as soon as the words were uttered. In the first place, there wasn't the slightest tinge of "yellow" in his make-up. We had been in scrapes together when odds against us were such that I was willing—anxious—to quit flat-footed, while Ransom's only thought was to fight our way out, to make the other fellows do all the quitting. Yellow? He wasn't that kind; and it was only our long friendship that kept me from having all the fight right now on my hands I could possibly attend to, because of the hasty and harsh words.

And now, as I stood there looking at him, I was filled with admiration both for his mental control and his physical manhood as well. He was six feet tall, straight, supple, hard as nails; a body abounding with that endless energy which comes of clean living; of an active, outdoor life on sea and shore. His light hair, a rosy complexion which a girl might well envy, a good-natured twinkle in his blue eyes, which, in turn, could blaze with the fury of fierce combat when occasion required—all bespoke his Scandinavian ancestry—his descent from the roving, robbing Vikings. In short, Ransom Reeves was both of these two; a big, handsome, good-hearted boy—a fighting devil!

I gazed around me at the pretty environments there on the Peak; at his little bungalow with the evidences within of comfort and semi-luxury. Would he become soft, effeminate, spoiled by such surroundings? It would be all right for a respectable married man, with some one to look after him; with added responsibility to stir him on, to help him keep an even keel. But with Ransom—still, I knew that his inherited roving spirit would soon impel him to leave this useless Utopia; at least, until such time when he would meet the woman of his dreams and become her steady meal-ticket.

For the present, however, I must do what I could to pry him loose from this figurative Lap of Luxury. It would be a favor to him—and I wanted that other ruby! I got busy at once.

"Ransom," I began, "there is one little thing I forgot to mention about my intended visit to Zanora."

"Yes?" he drawled, elevating one eyebrow.

"It is about the Princess Mandalore."

"Never heard of her! What lunch-counter——"

"She is no 'lunch-counter' dame," I broke in, "but a princess of royal blood."

Ransom was thinking the matter over; I could see that, tho he endeavored not to appear too interested.

"What's she doin' stickin' around Zanora?" he asked at length.

Now, I am not what might be called an easy liar; to deviate one hair's breadth from the straight and narrow path of strict veracity is difficult for me, and something which I abhor above all things. Still, there are times—well, I simply had to interest Ransom in Zanora. The ruby wouldn't do it; the offer of money wouldn't do it; a woman—perhaps!

So, herewith entered the "Princess Mandalore"—a fanciful creature of my own imagination, leaping full-fledged into glorious being on a second's notice! I produced her without serious effort; but now I saw that I had her on my hands. Already, Ransom was inquiring about her life history; this I would have to provide for her at once. Possibly, too, he would want to know what she looked like; then I must furnish offhand eyes, hair, complexion, a graceful form—all these things! Well, I had created the Princess Mandalore; I'd stand by her thru thick and thin; I'd give her the best send-off possible, even tho I suffered a mental wrench and moral dissolution because of my prevarication.

"What is she doing on Zanora?" I repeated, in answer to his query. "Well, I'll tell you, Ransom; but I don't know a great deal about the Princess myself—only what Martella has told me."

"I see."

"Well, the ruler of Zanora, Uhgantil——"

"Yes, I've heard of him, all right!"

"Well, it seems that some years ago he made a raid upon some neighboring island. He took back to Zanora with him many captives, amongst whom was the youngest daughter of the King of Mandalore—yes, the island was Mandalore, I'm sure of that now—and she has been held a pitiful prisoner ever since. She has been carefully raised, from what I hear, in the royal court of Zanora, where her sweetness and beauty——"

"Is she a good-looker, Harold?"

"Say, son, if what I hear is true of her, she is some baby-doll! Looks? Why, boy, the fame of her beauty has spread all over the South Sea universe. Think of the most beautiful woman you ever gazed upon, Ransom—multiply that by about twenty-five—and you've got about one-tenth the looks of Princess Mandalore."

His pipe had gone out. He sat there looking far out at sea.

"Harold," he said finally, "just how does she look—did Martella tell you?"

Well, the worst had come; I took a quick reef in my imagination and sailed in.

"Her eyes, Ransom—such eyes! I may say, they are amongst her most attractive features—great, glorious soulful orbs."

"Light or dark?" he queried eagerly.

"Well, just sort of half-and-half; they might, I think, be what you would term hazel."

"I believe I would like hazel eyes," he said, meditatively, "tho I don't just recall having seen eyes of that shade."

I saw that I must press this slight advantage gained.

"Oh, they're the only kind of eyes to have!" I said, quickly. "Eyes like these hazel lamps of the Princess bespeak an ardent, burning nature; a soul that could love to distraction; spiritualism, idealism—most any kind of 'ism' you're looking for, Ransom—and she handles those hazel eyes like a witch."

"Sort of 'witch-hazel' effect, eh?"

"Her hair—she has clustering locks like Madam Yale——"

"I see; Yale locks."

"Her complexion, Ransom," I went on, "is like a smooth ripe olive; her teeth like two strings——"

"Now you're 'stringing' me!"

"Of glittering pearls."

I knew that his flippant interruptions were only to conceal his real absorbing interest; the more "kidding" he indulged in, the more serious he felt; it had always been so with him.

"Her form, Ransom," I continued, "is slender and graceful; a 'perfect thirty-six', I should say. Her laughter is like the music of brooks. And her singing, Martella tells me, is——"

"Some wren, eh?"

"Yes; she sings nicely. Or rather, she did sing most beautifully; but now that she is a miserable captive, her voice, I presume, is given over more to sobs than to songs. King Uhgantil forces his unwelcome attentions upon her; she must eventually marry this fierce, ugly monster—Uhgantil—or else be slain as a sacrifice in the temple."

"But her own people—those of Mandalore—can't they rescue her?"

"No; the King of Zanora, with his great army of fighting warriors, merely laughs at their puny and futile attempts. There seems to be no hope for the poor Princess. I almost wish Martella had never told me about her. Had I been successful in my attempt to land secretly upon Zanora, I thought it might be possible to do something to help her; but now, since you have gone back on me, I may as well turn back toward home. Poor little girl—poor little helpless, sorrowing Princess!"

He got up, and began striding to and fro. He did not look toward me, and he

BE SURE and read "THE MANDALORE PRINCESS; or, THE GREAT RUBY OF ROO," in this issue. It is a thrilling and peculiar story. Next week look out for a fascinating story by Mrs. Ella Martin, entitled, "A SIN'S SHADOW; or, MERYL STARNES' SECRET." Boys, don't miss our new story, "MOTORCYCLE MARK; or, RIVALS OF THE WHEEL," in this issue. It will keep you interested. Other great stories soon to follow.

remained silent; but I felt that I had succeeded in starting within him a tiny spark that would spread to a flame of fervid intention and determination, if I could only play him skillfully.

What were his thoughts? The next few moments would tell.

Finally I got up and stood beside him.

"Beautiful view you have off there to the east, Ransom," I observed.

"Oh, the view's all right," he answered musingly. Then he added: "Now, this Princess Mandalore, Harold; tell me——"

Then I knew that he had bolted with the bait; swallowed hook and all; that the meshes of the landing-net were around him securely. The "Princess" had made good.

## CHAPTER V.

WE RETIRED early that night, but it was long before we closed our eyes in sleep; there was much to talk over, plans to make, additional descriptions of the fair prisoner of Mandalore for me to furnish Ransom Reeves.

In the morning, after a hasty breakfast, we set forth for the harbor, to have a look at the shipping.

"There's a ship in Hong-Kong Roads now might be just what we're lookin' for," observed Ransom, after we were seated in the tram-car, on the way down, "an' what's more, she's chartered for a South Sea cruise, too. She's the Sally Holden; bound for 'Frisco with rice, silk and fireworks, but will stop first at points in South America below the equator."

"What's she like?" I asked.

"Bein' Yankee-built," he went on, "she's loftily rigged; a three-master, crossin' three skysail-yards, with a mainsail full ninety feet long. There's but one house on the main deck; a large one, tho, with fo'castle, sailroom, galley, and a carpenter shop with a fourteen-foot motor boat in it. You see, the Governor keeps in close touch with all the shipping in Hong-Kong Roads; that's how I happen to know so much about the Sally Holden."

"And the skipper?"

"Cap'n Cuddy."

"What sort is he?"

"A crab."

"But a good sailor?"

"None better; no matter what comes up, Cap'n Cuddy is right there on the job. He can sail the Sally Holden, an' sail her right."

"When does he sail?"

"When they finish takin' cargo—tomorrow, mebbe."

We reached the water-front, secured a small dory, and rowed over to the Yankee three-master in quest of Captain Cuddy, to make application for either berth or passageway. By the Captain we were gruffly received, gruffly listened to, gruffly refused. We left, not exactly by request, but certainly without any protest from the skipper of the Yankee ship. Then we did what we should have done in the first place—we took the matter up with the Governor himself.

Just what pressure this diplomat brought to bear we had no means of ascertaining, but it was effective. When we next visited Captain Cuddy's ship there was a marked difference in the reception given to us. The skipper, tho still gruff, assured us he would be glad to have us sail with him. Not only that, he said he had decided to go several hundred miles out of his course to put us ashore on the island of Zanora, with the stipulation, however, that this landing was to be made at night.

The following morning we bade farewell to our friend the Governor (he first making Ransom promise to return to him again upon the Peak), then boarded the three-master, which shortly weighed anchor, scudding out from Hong-Kong Roads under a stiff breeze and a spanking spread of canvas overhead.

We carried a heavy cargo; the hold was filled; several cases of goods, as a consequence, were stowed on the after-deck. High up on these wooden cases Ransom and I perched ourselves, watching the harbor scenes we were fast leaving behind.

The sun shown down on the sparkling waves, turning each leaping crest into shimmering silver. The salt breeze blew strong upon us, filling us with a sort of buoyant exhilaration—with hope, with fervid faith in ourselves and dreams to be realized.

I heard a soft clink in the pocket of Ransom's slicker.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Soda pop," he answered, but he winked one eye. He dug up two brown bottles, one of which he handed over to me. We cracked the necks against the ship's rail.

"Here's to the Island of Mystery," I said, "to the glorious mate to the Ruby of Roo!"

To which Ransom Reeves added, fervently:

"And to the hazel-eyed, olive-skinned, shapely, adorable Princess of Mandalore!"

## CHAPTER VI.

IN A FORTNIGHT we were far down amongst the isles of the Southern Pacific.

The voyage, so far, was void of incident, placid and serene, with endless tacking, but for the most part favored by sea and wind to our liking. Now that Ransom and I were getting close to our destination, we both, I think, came to a fuller realization of what we were undertaking; of the perilous hazards, the dangers without number, the dread uncertainty as to what our fate would be upon that island of ill repute—Zanora. But there could be no turning back now; we must play the game out, come what might.

I think I will ever remember that balmy, starlit night when Captain Cuddy came to Ransom and me as we stood leaning over the after-rail, talking of other days, and of days to come.

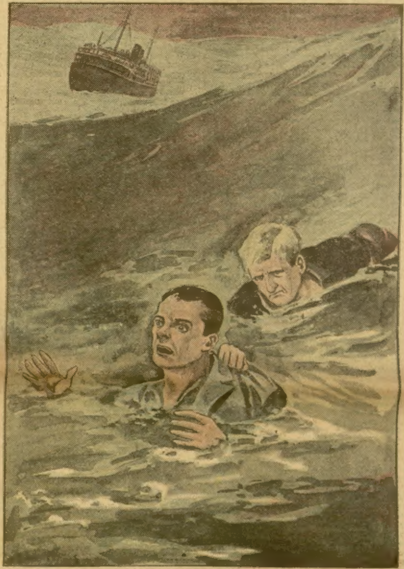
"Well, my hearties," the skipper began, "accordin' to my reckonin', we will sight the island of Zanora at break o' day!"

We turned to him eagerly.

"At daybreak, Cap'n?" I said, "and can you put us ashore at once in the motor boat?"

"Yes, at once," he responded; "an' may the Lord help yuh then, men! No one else can."

He turned away with seeming reluctance; then he called back to us as he passed on up the companion-way: "I don't jes' like the idea of leavin' yuh two on that craggy hell-hole; it's 'most like downright murder! But I'll bear yuh in mind; we may lay to off the reef waitin' some signal. If we leave, don't give up heart; we'll tack back this way, or speak some passin' ship to be lookin' out for danger signals on Zanora."



*A hand reached forth, firmly clasping my collar.*

We stood there for some time, watching our silver wake. The breeze at length seemed to die away almost entirely, with occasional gusts striking our faces, gusts as from a fiery furnace. The air seemed stuffy, suffocating; the water rolled restlessly, and with an ominous, baleful yellow gleam.

And daybreak was to bring—Zanora!

We left the rail, seeking our bunks for sleep to strengthen, to fortify us for whatever the future held in store.

## CHAPTER VII.

I WAS awakened by a noise sounding like a musket fired twice in quick succession. I jumped from my bunk; a hurricane was upon us! I went over to Ransom's berth; he was gone, attracted, likely, by the commotion upon deck, and hither I made my way.

The storm had not struck yet; but to our leeward a great black cloud bore down upon us; a low humming was in the air, like a hive of bees disturbed. The wind cloud grew closer. I heard Captain Cuddy giving orders to the crew:

"Aloft!" he yelled, "an' take in the to'gallant s'l's; close reef the tops'l's!"

The shivering shrouds were soon covered with struggling seamen. The lighter canvas was clewed and furled in a jiffy, and the fore and mizzen topsails stowed. We were stripped to a storm mainsail.

"Hands by the braces there!" shouted Cuddy, "an' ease down the helm!"

Ransom came running up to me; he pointed over the lee-rail; I made out the dim lines of a great island, with rugged, broken shore, and black-mantled mountains away far to the inland.

"Zanora!" he shouted in my ear, and hurried forward to aid the sailors with the canvas. At that instant the storm burst in all its fury.

And now I saw wherein our chief danger lay: Not alone in the wind's mad fury, nor tumbling waves, but these two combined with the fact that, from all appearances, a shoal projected out from the mainland of the island. It was this shoal which threatened disaster to the ship.

Had there been sea-room, Captain Cuddy would have long since stripped off all the canvas; under the circumstances, however, it was necessary to retain full control and direction of the ship—to carry some sail. The billows rolled about us, mountain high; each squall sweeping down upon us seemed harder than the one before, carrying the ship almost over on her beam ends; for Captain Cuddy would not luff until the last moment, as each time he did so, losing way temporarily, he found himself driven just that much nearer against the shoal.

Each moment our position was becoming more desperately perilous. I saw the Captain in earnest consultation with the first mate; I heard him speak of clubhauling the ship; and the mate's reply: "The water's too deep to give holding ground to the anchor."

Evidently, tho, they must, as a forlorn hope, have decided to try; for now we were but a cable's length from the hidden shoal against which the waves beat furiously. With astonishing force and power, the Captain made himself heard above the roar of the wind and the smash of heavy seas:

"Get the lee anchor off the bows there! Bronson?"

"Aye, aye."

"Run a hawser from the anchor in aft here on the quarter. We'll clubhaul her; see the cable clear for running!"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the second mate; a moment later he added: "Ready it is, sir!"

"To the braces, then!" shouted the Captain. "Obey orders sharply! It's our last chance!"

In these latitudes, it deepens quickly a short distance from low-water mark; there was much doubt whether, with our length of cable, the anchor would reach bottom. At any rate, it must be tried, for in another moment we would surely strike. Ransom touched me upon the arm, and motioned me to go with him; he carried a heavy line. Mention has been made of the freight cases piled high on the after-deck. It was toward these Ransom led me, the idea being to make them secure with the line; not that, at such a time, any thought was given to saving them from loss, but to prevent them from shifting, making the ship more difficult to handle. I started to pass the line around the cases. From where I worked I heard the Captain shout:

"Down helm! Flow the head sheets! Round in the fore braces there!"

A lateen sail on the crossjack yard had been furled to force her head around. Suddenly this snapped off short in the gale, like a shot from a gun, and went by the board; still the good ship swung slowly up into the wind, the waves beating her bows with a noise like thunder-crashes. A moment she hung. Would the anchor strike—and hold?

I was at work on top of the cases when the shock came; the anchor had caught, and I was thrown over the rail, far out into the seething sea. Even in that awful moment I heard Ransom shout, and saw him pass me a life line. I sank beneath the waves. When I came up again the line was near me, as was also one of the huge cases, which must have gone overboard with me. I grasped the line. Those on the rail above me began pulling me up. Suddenly the line parted; I sank down into the tumbling waves again. I was up again upon the surface in short order; but now I had been washed too far from the ship for any line to reach me. I turned and struck out for the case of freight, which I could see bobbing about still further out at sea.

I was a strong swimmer, but wearied now; and no weary soul could breast those mighty, sweeping waves. I felt myself growing weaker; the end seemed almost at hand. And then, from out a heaving crest, a hand reached forth, firmly clasping my collar, supporting, sustaining me. Ransom had plunged overboard and swum to my rescue. It was indeed time, for then my senses reeled; and I knew no more of what was happening around about me. When I came to, Ransom and I were both on top of the floating case. We were far from the ship—still riding at anchor—and were being rapidly carried in toward the shore of the island.

We clung to the reeling craft, gasping for breath, spewing out the salt brine; clung there like puny, drenched dwarfs; buffeted, bruised by the battling waves; wretched, pitiful, well-nigh spent, yet fighting now a good fight for the right to live.

Thus we came to Zanora.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

* * *

## He Won.

A couple of country cousins resolved to pay London a visit. They were warned by their friends to keep both eyes open or they would come back wiser men. One day, however, they carried out their wish and enjoyed themselves immensely, but before returning home, they entered a place of refreshment and soon were complimenting themselves on their absence of misadventure.

Presently a stranger of small stature entered, and it was not very long before he entered into conversation with them.

"You strapping fellows may laugh at my size," he said, "but appearances are deceptive. I'll wager you five shillings each that if you held this chair at arm's length you would drop it before I should."

They laughed at so simple a test of strength.

"Well, put your money with mine on the table and one of you start while I time you by my watch."

This was done, and at the end of ten minutes the one holding the chair had to give in.

The stranger, instead of trying his strength, calmly took all the money and put it in his pocket, saying:

"I've won, gentlemen! I said you would drop it before I did, and so you have!" And with that he departed.

* * *

## Thought He Meant Her.

It was their honeymoon trip to London, and the first time they had ever been out of Lancashire.

As they waited on the platform at St. Pancras for the guard to bundle their boxes out of the van the young bride and bridegroom were manifestly embarrassed.

Then an inside porter came up and asked:

"Can I look after yer baggage for yer, mister?"

The red blood mounted to the young bride's cheeks, and, turning on her hubby, she demanded:

"Well, well, well! If ye ain't a-goin' to thrash him for refairin' to me like that, ye're no man, George!"

# ENID AYRON'S MAN

## -:- Or, -:-

# All in the Making

## By Paul Crissey

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### CHAPTER XI.

MEANWHILE Cranston and Big Dan fought their way up the slope to the mouth of the New Man. The two Chinamen, Sing Lee and his brother Sam, all heavily loaded with provisions taken hurriedly from Cranston's cabin, followed slowly in the rear. With a tail rope the supplies were lowered down to the hundred-foot level, and finally, with a last glance at the lights in the village, Cranston swung himself down into the pit, sliding easily dowh the cable.

From the supply chamber at the foot of the shaft the men obtained a consignment of candles and lanterns, and made their way to the end of the drift, where, in a little niche that was sheltered from the light of the shaft, they started in to build their home.

It was brief work to construct impromptu bunks and beds from the scattered timbers which had been used for shoring purposes, and with the use of a few blankets and other bedding which they had salvaged from the dismantled cabin, they soon had quite a comfortable room fitted up.

Sing Lee scurried about in a wild endeavor to get his cooking utensils in order, while Big Dan and the boss discussed plans for their sojourn in the bowels of Mineral Mound. Sam Lee and Sing, after arranging their portion of the new house, wandered off down the dark tunnel like a couple of rats, their beady eyes glistening in the darkness.

"Let them get used to it," said Cranston. "They'll probably have a few scares when the timbers begin to groan."

Big Dan grunted, good Catholic that he was. "Trust to a couple of heathens for that," he replied.

"The way I figure this out," began Searl, suddenly, "is that we're due to wait here until something happens. I have no doubt that by the time the expert gets here we can figure out some way to get next to this game that McGruddy's playing. Of course it's plain that he intends to break me—I knew him, casually in New York, you know. He hasn't much love for me, I guess, and he gave me fair warning that he usually got what he went after."

"I knew he was crooked the minit I clapped eyes on him—and he's liable to git more'n he wants here," returned Big Dan. "An' I've seen him wanst before—somewhere. I mind me now—it was back in the Panhandle Platte country where he was layin' up like a big stiff for some kink in his back. It was a crack job he had thin—tho his face was minus them whiskers."

"What?" Some remote, intangible idea entered Cranston's mind at that moment. What queer chord had this Irishman struck? Where had he heard a similar tale?

"I mean a santitornium—or something of th' loikes," continued Big Dan, lighting his pipe. "He was one o' th' owners, an' it wuz a clever little thrap he had planned fer those who were sick an' onhealthy. A 'cowboy ranch'—wid sick peoples fer th' cowboys, that wuz th' plan. But he busted loose jist when most o' his patients were lookin' fer him bad."

"Where was this sanitarium?" asked Cranston, soberly.

"Well," said the Irishman, reminiscently, "I belave it was near th' Double Two ranch. Why! Ayron might 'a' knowed him—but I ain't a-thinkin' he's seen thru them whiskers yit."

"Did you ever hear about Ayron's oldest daughter, Hilda?" queried Cranston again. "She married some man who lived on a sanitarium near their old ranch, which happened to be Double Two. Funny if he should be one and the same."

"McGruddy's th' man," Big Dan said at length, "but he's hidin' behint them whiskers. Faith! I knew him 't wanst. Ayron would kill him if he knew."

But Cranston failed to hear the last. He was rummaging thru his pockets looking for the pocketbook in which he had found the photograph that morning on the way from New York. But it was already in Hilda's hands.

"I had a picture, that maybe you could identify," he said at length, "but I can't seem to find it."

"It's no matter," retorted Big Dan. "I know'd him anyhow."

With an inward resolve to investigate the matter further, Cranston turned his thoughts to the problem which was now confronting them. There was obviously no use in wasting their time waiting, inactive, for McGruddy to make some move. So he broached the subject to his companion.

"We can peck at th' walls a bit," replied Big Dan. "The Welshman hez left some caches that are probably worth something, thinkin' he would clear thim on shares himself. We'll pick th' pockets and get what color we can. Meanwhilst McGruddy will probably get busy and make some move."

"It will come to a showdown soon," prophesied Cranston, for with the practically assured knowledge that McGruddy was the husband of Hilda, he realized that he had a powerful weapon in his hands, and one that might stop any lies which the stocky doctor had planned to use. But it was late, and Cranston was weary. So the underground campers crawled between their blankets and slept the sleep of the just.

Two hours later Cranston awoke with a start. He looked at his watch and realized that it was not yet daylight. In this surmise he was correct, for, outside, the big moon was spilling white light upon the bald top of Mineral Mound. Something, however, had awakened him from a sound sleep, and with a resolve to discover the cause, he secured his revolver and crept from his bunk.

When he emerged from the pocket which the party had selected as their quarters, he glanced down the long tunnel to where a stream of light splashed on the ore-littered floor. It was the moonlight deluging the shaft with its milky whiteness. Nothing loomed up between him and the shaft. If a man, or anything, for that matter, had been coming down the drift, the outline would have been plainly visible to Cranston.

Thus assured that no one had gained an entrance to the mine by way of the shaft, Cranston turned his head to the west, where the wall of darkness continued almost up to the line of the Zero claim. Here the work on the day before had been discontinued, and the several up-raises and the lateral level formed a labyrinth that Cranston did not attempt to solve.

With his ears acute for the slightest sound, the mine boss peered into this oblivion. He took one step and then stopped. The low sound that had awakened him was repeated, this time with less distinctness, however. For a moment fear held him back; then, quietly, with catlike movements, he crept along toward the farthest end of the drift, from whence the noise came.

Occasionally he stopped and listened. The sounds were repeated at intervals, and now and then Cranston could distinguish a difference in the tone, a slight variation that mystified and perplexed him.

Stones in the passageway bothered him, and once, when his foot turned on a piece of quartz, his heart flew to his mouth. For five minutes he offered no explanation of the mystery; then, suddenly it came to him that he was hearing voices—faint, quivering mutterings—and softly along the length of the drift they reverberated and stirred the dark silence dully and softly. Evidently the hundred-foot level was a place alive. But with an idea only to discover the cause of the probable phenomenon, Cranston continued his cautious march toward the blank end of the tunnel.

Suddenly his outstretched hand touched a solid wall before him. He was at the end of the drift, and here the tunnel turned abruptly at right angles and proceeded along a line which Cranston figured must nearly correspond with the west line of the New Man. Big Dan had laid off this up-raise in search of the lost vein. Cranston knew that if he followed this passage it would lead him to the parallel level, and by following the parallel he would come back again into the main drift.

Feeling his way, not daring to light the candle which reposed in his pocket, the boss of the New Man crept down this new passage. He had gone some hundred feet before he stopped suddenly and peered intently into the darkness before him. Upon the wall at his right there glowed a spark of light.

"There's some one in the parallel," he whispered to himself, and carefully continued.

The light grew steadily brighter, and he could distinguish his way better. A moment later he neared the corner where the parallel joined the up-raise. Cranston peered around the rough edge of the drift and started back with a sudden desire to cry out.

"The Chinks!" he whispered, and then with a wholesome regard for religion—even of a heathen—he watched the two queued heads bowed in prayer before him.

On a piece of jutting quartz was stuck a candle, and the drippings from its lighted end had formed a hard, white puddle on the floor. Evidently the two Chinamen had been in the same posture for some time. Cranston watched them in silence, his eyes glistening with the reflected light from the dip.

Sing Lee's head moved slowly and his lips muttered long, indistinguishable words. Occasionally Sam Lee, in a shrill, high whisper, would mutter a few words of his strange jargon. Then both of the pigtailed heads would nod sleepily. Cranston tiptoed back down the up-raise.

The moonlight was gone from the bottom of the shaft, and a gray light filled the cavern. It was morning. He awakened Big Dan, and when, a few moments later, the sleepy-eyed Chinaman returned to the bunk quarters, both of the men were eager for their breakfast.

Dry chips and splinters of wood managed to make an almost smokeless fire, and soon the coffee was ready. After this was devoured the two Chinamen disappeared again into the blackness, and Big Dan lighted his pipe.

"Those two heathens have been praying all night," said Cranston, finally. The Irishman looked up quickly and the match died out in his fingers.

"Where?" he asked briefly.

"Back there in the parallel hundred-foot," responded Cranston, with a laugh. "The sound of their voices awakened me, and I crept down there to see what it was. They were bowed over the floor with their heads bobbing as if they could scarcely keep awake. I guess they've gone back to it now," he ended, with a laugh.

Big Dan stuffed his pipe in his pocket. "They're queer things—them Chinks!" he muttered, and his eyes flashed down the corridor. Then turning to Cranston he asked suddenly: "Do yez know anything about their religion? It's a heathen idee, but it wo-orrks funny-like."

"No," replied Cranston, surprised. "Why is it?"

"Well," replied the Irishman, his eyes still glued to the darkness whence the Chinks had disappeared, "those of thim wearin' pigtails whin they died—they're th' gods. Whin a Chink wants t' pray, he'd rather go into a cimiterry than a church. It's bad—but the ghosts are their friends, and divil a bit do they care about the wans that are lift on earth. A dead Chink is far better than a live wan—but after all that they belave it—bad 'cess t' th' haythens."

"Rot!" reiterated Cranston. "You don't suppose they think this is an old graveyard, do you?" He laughed easily.

"Ye niver can tell," responded Big Dan. "I tell ye they've funny idees in their long-haired heads, an' I wouldn't 'a' put it by thim t' think that this was a big graveyard." He lighted his pipe and his brows narrowed in thought.

Cranston smiled to himself. "Maybe this is one of their holidays," he offered by way of explanation. "I don't believe they imagine there are any ghosts around here."

"Well, we'll see," shot back Big Dan, "but mind ye, cross yerself!" he cried.

"Sing!" Cranston's voice boomed thru the level. "Sing Lee!"

A shuffling footstep scratched its way thru the blackness, and a moment later Sing Lee's yellow face appeared in the range of the candlelight.

"Yes, mlassa," he said softly.

"What are you and Sam doing down there in the parallel?" demanded Cranston.

"Slam—my blothel an' me—we play."

"He means pray," suggested Big Dan.

"Why do you go way off there—isn't there a good place here?"

The Chinaman shook his head.

"Where are the dead, there are we," explained the yellow man, quaintly, and his almond eyes sought Cranston's unflinchingly.

"There," cried Big Dan, triumphantly, "what did I tell ye?"

"What's the matter with you two yellow-skins?" cried the mine boss, angrily. "There's nobody dead down there!"

Again Sing Lee strove to be eloquent with his eyes, but to no avail. Cranston waved this explanation aside.

"My blothel," began Sing Lee, in the same soft tone, "We hlear voices of dead—call to us—we glo."

Big Dan's eyes sought Cranston's puzzled ones.

"What do you suppose he means?" asked the mine boss, frankly mystified.

"Ask him," replied the Irishman with a shrug.

"Hlear voices—Alloyaha——" a string of guttural notes passed over the cook's lips. "I hlear them calling: 'Sling Lee! Sling Lee!' "

"Oh, rats!" shouted Cranston, disgusted.

The Chinaman's eyes burned wildly.

"You clum—clum!" he invited. "I show you—you play hard!"

For a moment Cranston hesitated, undecided, and then suddenly Big Dan roared.

"Go!" he shouted, "the d—n Chink may be right!"

He strode off down to the foot of the shaft while Cranston followed the shuffling little figure in an opposite direction to the end of the parallel level. At the bottom of the shaft Big Dan stopped short and whistled.

"Th' d—n skunks!" he roared.

There at the bottom of the shaft at his feet lay a snakelike coil—the steel cable that meant egress to the outer world. It was cut.

There was now no escape to the surface, a hundred feet above!

### CHAPTER XII.

BIG DAN REILLEY took in the situation at a glance. With the steel hoisting cable lying before him, a severed, useless heap upon the bottom of the shaft, there was no escape from the underground quarters of these four men. It was absolutely out of the question to attempt to scale the sides of the shaft, for they arose straight, smooth walls for a hundred feet until they reached the little square of daylight far above. With a hasty exclamation the big miner cast this thought aside and fell to speculating upon the cause of this disaster.

He knew almost instinctively that McGruddy must have discovered Cranston's presence, as well as his hiding-place, and had seized upon the opportunity to imprison his antagonist in his retreat. If both men had been hoping that developments would come quickly, they had their desire granted now, for as far as the able-bodied Irishman could see, there was nothing to do but to take their time and devise some means of reaching the surface. Once there, they could at least be on an equal vantage with the bulky little crook who had so far held most of the trumps in the deck.

It was possible, thought Reilley, that McGruddy had either cut the cable himself, or ordered one of his henchmen to do it, on the broad grounds that the mine would be a far "safer" proposition so crippled—rather than from a knowledge of the presence of the mine boss and his own crew boss. It seemed hardly possible to Big Dan's trained mind that even the crooked little McGruddy would stoop to so low a deed as jeopardizing two lives by imprisonment below the surface. To have killed them, according to Big Dan's lights, would have been more humane. However, he did not put it past McGruddy to have planned such an unethical ending for his two enemies.

The chance remained, nevertheless, that the schemer did not know that he and Cranston were in the mine. The idea took such a hold of Big Dan that he resolved to keep the information of the severed cable from Cranston—for the time being, at least. That something must be done soon there was no doubt. Big Dan hurried down the level where the retreating lights of the Chinamen were still to be seen, two flickering points of yellow light that wavered and then disappeared.

Securing a fresh candle from the store in their bunk corner, he lighted it and ambled leisurely after his boss. Occasionally he lingered to examine the walls where the many-colored quartz glistened in the light. But no fresh indications of good "color" met his eyes. He almost hoped that in the excitement of the day before he had overlooked some ore that might lead to picking up the vein. He now sorrowfully assured himself on this point. As near as he could discover, the vein ended on the New Man property, safe inside the line. There was no chance that it was to be picked up again. He had made certain of this fact by cutting directly across its course with the up-raise, or cross-tunnel, and by boring the parallel level to meet it.

He directed his footsteps down the branch to the left, and was in the parallel hundred-foot. The tunnel was well lighted now, and he could see Cranston talking with Sing Lee. The other Chinaman was on his knees, his head bowed and moving drunkenly, his lips muttering the thick gutturals of their language.

Cranston greeted him.

"I'm glad you've come, Dan," he said. "These heathens have got me so excited I'm beginning to feel a little spooky myself."

"Phat hev they showed ye?" asked Dan.

"Nothing, yet. But Sam, here, seems imbued with the idea that the more prayers he gets into the square inch the better off he'll be. Sing Lee has about come to his senses. I've been pumping him for more information. But all he says is that he has heard voices, and that they are the voices of the dead. I tried to get him to tell me," continued Cranston, sarcastically, "whether they were dead Chinamen or white people who were talking, but evidently he didn't notice."

Sing Lee, his eyes bright with religious fervor, bowed his head to the ground, and the candles, stuck in the crevices on the wall, hung the scene with a pall of yellow light that was ghostly in itself.

At the mention of the voices the cook's yellow face broke into a cracked, mirthless grin which showed his tawny teeth and tightened the skin on the sides of his face. Altogether, Sing Lee was not a sight to inspire confidence, but Cranston had come to the conclusion that to have peace during his stay in the underground exile he must end, forthwith, the fanaticisms of his two servants.

"I haven't got even a guess as to what they heard," he admitted.

"Maybe they ain't lyin'," suggested Big Dan, with a look into his employer's eyes.

Cranston shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe not," he admitted. Then reaching over, he touched Sing Lee's shoulder.

The Chinaman looked up and smiled. "You likee blothel," he said. 'You good to Sling Lee—buy him leal blothel flom countree. Milsta Clanston good fella!" He smiled encouragingly at the mine boss. "Alla slame give chance to slave self," continued the Chinaman. "You likee to be saved."

"What's he talking about?"

"He said you're a good feller and that you brought his brother into the country. Says he'll give you a chance to save yourself." The Irishman had been in many a camp and he knew the Frisco pigeon English used by the cooks.

"All right, Sing Lee," said Cranston. "You good fella, too. You save me—and we forget about your good fella brother."

The Chinaman nodded his head eagerly, and pointed to the ground where his brother sat. Then, in broken English, he told his story, meanwhile gesticulating and nodding his head vigorously.

It seemed that he and Sam had started out to reconnoiter, that being the custom when a Chinaman is forced to sleep in a strange place. He and his brother had learned the "lay of the land," and when they had started back for the bunkroom they had been stopped by voices from somewhere under their feet. Both of them had dropped to their knees and started to pray.

But the voices had continued, said Sing Lee, and occasionally they heard the rattle of chains of the "departed" who were in misery in their after-life. They had remained there in prayer for many hours, had heard strange breathings and distant shouts, and the clanging of the gates of the Afterworld. That was all, said Sing Lee, except that he knew that he and his brother had been selected for wonderful things by this strange adventure.

During the weird telling of their experiences, Cranston had felt chill after chill sweep from top to toe, but he had looked over to see that Big Dan, placidly smoking, was not in the least disturbed by the story. Cranston breathed a sigh of relief and turned to the level-boss.

"Do you think he's deliberately lying," he asked, "or do you believe he really thought he heard all those things?"

Big Dan pushed his forefinger down into the white foam of ashes on the top of his pipe and did not reply immediately. Cranston sought a comfortable ledge of rock and sat down, his two dark eyes intently studying the kneeling Chinaman before him. A sudden draft whisked a wisp of smoke from the Irishman's bowl and hurled it into the darkness of the tunnel. Once Big Dan scrubbed his rough chin with a detached air, and Cranston frowned again at the kneeling cook and his brother.

Suddenly, and so mysteriously that Cranston believed he was dreaming, there floated to their ears the faint sound of distant voices, a mere jumble of muffled sounds in the hollow of the drift. At first thought the young man believed that some one had entered from the shaft and that he had heard the echo of their talk down the long shaft. But Dan, catching the look in his face, slowly shook his head. The mine boss was as quiet as death, and then the sound was again repeated. This time it was still fainter, but a moment later there came a distinct rattle and a "clink, clink, clink."

"There!" whispered Cranston.

The Chinamen prostrated themselves on the rock floor, and their mutterings grew more rambling and fervid.

"Do you hear it?" breathed Cranston.

Big Dan nodded assent. Then he leaned back and took a deep pull on his pipe.

"I've heard them underground rivers," he said soberly, "but I niver knew of one in a hillside diggin'."

"Listen!" ordered Cranston, sharply.

"Click, click, click, click!" came the mysterious sound again and again. Deep silence reigned, and Cranston breathed heavily.

"They were right," he said softly, and Sing Lee grinned over his shoulder at him. "That clicking sound is the one that Sing Lee described as the gates of the Afterworld moving open. What does it mean, Dan?"

The Irishman cleared his throat with gusto, and knocked his pipe free of the ashes.

"Nothin'," he answered heavily, and his voice boomed thru the parallel. "Nothin', me boy, but that the dirty little McGruddy an' his crew are drillin' a tunnel on yer claim directly under ye!"

Cranston leaped to his feet.

"You're right, Dan!" he cried. "That's the sound the Chinamen heard! That clicking is the drill points going into the rock. Do you suppose——"

"Phat?" asked the Irishman, with a twinkle in his eye.

"That they've picked up our pay streak—below here? It might be so, Dan," he argued breathlessly. "You see, our shaft where you tried to test the rock below this level, is full two thousand feet or more to the east. Possibly you didn't get down far enough to pick up the pay streak. Do you think so?" His face was almost beseeching in its eagerness.

"Do I think so?" growled the Irishman. "Why, English, me boy, I know it as well as I know me own name. That little whisker-faced New Yorker has picked up the streak, and inshtead of kapin' within his own loine he's comin over into your'n."

"Then we've got him—got him where we want him!" cried Cranston, eagerly. "I'll break him, Dan—break him before I'm a day older. He'll have to pay for this. It's bad business to run into another man's claim with your own drifts. I know that. I've got the whip hand now, and he'll get the lash."

"Don't hurry, lad!"

"Hurry!" shouted Cranston, impatiently. "Why, Dan, I've been waiting for just this thing. He can't play any more tricks with the New Man or its contracts. I've got something else to settle with him, too. I'll make him get out, now!"

Cranston was fast working himself into a passion, and his eyes were like dagger points. It was a serious offense to creep into another man's gold mine—an offense that is settled only by payments, and usually large ones. But Big Dan shook his head sadly as Cranston started off down the drift.

"But ye can't get him now, lad," he cried.

Searl whirled in his tracks. "Why not?" he snapped.

"Because," answered the Irishman, with a smile. "McGruddy's cut yer shaft cable. There's no way out o' here—yit!"

With blazing eyes and figure crouched as if to leap, the strenuous English-American turned upon his level-boss with a snarl.

"So he's nailed down the lid, has he?" he cried. "Well, d—n him, there's a way to avoid that!"

Big Dan stared at him. He had little dreamed that so much energy and passion had been stored up in that man's body, but he delighted in a human animal—and now Cranston was surely one.

"There's no way out, except to dig," reiterated Dan, stubbornly.

"There is! D—n that McGruddy. Do you know how we'll get out? You don't?" he snarled. "Well, Dan, I'll tell you. We'll blow h—l out of that parallel. If McGruddy's cut a drift under the New Man's boundary line then that's a way out. We'll blow our way out—with dynamite!"

"A rare way," muttered the Irishman, with a flash of his humor, "a rare way t' get out o' a hole—blow out!"

But Cranston was stumbling on thru the darkness toward the mouth of the shaft.

"Where ye goin'?" cried Big Dan.

And the words floated back to him from the fast-retreating figure:

"Dynamite—foot of the—shaft!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE black thundercloud that had hung in the sky since early morning broke shortly after 11 o'clock, and one by one the mines called their crews out and ordered them off until the storm should cease.

Great flashes of lightning seared across the heavens, and the daytime was like night in Little Tellerode. The Half Moon lighted its lights and caught the stragglers as they came, in a long file, down the hillside. Then, half an hour later, the wind rose and thrashed down thru the canyon, wailing and screeching like a thousand demons let loose. The black cloud rested heavily on the shoulders of Mineral Mound and Bear Hill, and then, following the wind that was little short of a tornado, came the rain.

Great sheets of it dropped heavily to earth, and the cabin roofs sagged with the weight of it. A thousand little rivulets grew until they were cutting channels down the sides of the ranges, and soon these rivulets swelled until they were creeks.

In the bottom of the canyon was now a torrent of water that tore its way thru the settlement, uprooting all that came in its path, and finally splashing out limpid, but still angry, upon the broader plain to the east. Spiteful flashes of lightning stabbed across the low brows of the storm-cloud, and occasionally these streaks of fire ended their careers with a crash, leaving a tree smoldering and dismantled on either side of the canyon.

It was the greatest storm the State had ever witnessed, and to this day the people of Little Tellerode date from it—those who remember it. The rivers overflowed their banks in less than half an hour after the cloudburst, and dams and houses were carried away in the swirl of angry waters.

But up on Mineral Hill there was a different story to tell. Cranston's crews, which had been felling trees with lavish hand and dragging them down the mountainside, had left an especially inviting place for the storm to spend its fury, and on the semi-bald spot, just above the mouth of the New Man shaft, sheets of rain broke and passed down the side, many thousands of cubic feet of water finding their way into the blackened mouth of the mine itself.

A hundred feet below the surface Cranston, with a bare knowledge that a storm was spending itself up in the outer world, hurried along the dark drift only to find that great sheets of water, like miniature Niagaras, were tumbling down the sides of the shaft and fast coating the level with a greasy blackness that was cold and slippery.

He threw open the storeroom door at the bottom of the shaft, expecting to find that the dynamite was soaked thru, but fortune had played in his favor. The storm waters had not yet touched the explosive, and so, gathering up two or three packages of the "sticks," he hurried back to the parallel drift, where Reilley and the two Chinamen were waiting for him.

It was but the work of a minute to "plant" the explosive in the rock floor, but he had forgotten the caps and fuses, and so action was delayed until he could run back to the bottom of the shaft.

This time he was surprised to find that the water in the level was swirling about his ankles, and the thought sent a sudden chill of fear thru him.

"What if the level should fill up before they could gain access to the drift which McGruddy had put in below their hundred-foot level?"

It was a case of working against time, for Cranston was not foolish enough to believe that such a thing were impossible. Indeed, in England, he had heard of a cloudburst that had trapped like rats a dozen men in a mine. The same thing might happen here if the cloudburst were of sufficient extent.

He stumbled back down the long level, and Dan took the fuse from his hands and arranged the cartridges in the holes that the Chinamen had drilled.

"The water's rising, Dan," Cranston told his companion, and the old Irishman nodded.

"We'll have a divil av a toime if she gits in here," he replied.

"You'll have to hurry, then, for if we find we have to fire two shots we'll have to hustle. The water's a foot deep out there in the main shaft now, and it's coming down the shaft like Niagara."

But Big Dan had placed the explosive. Taking the candle and spreading the fuse carefully on the ground as he went, he backed out of the parallel, Cranston and the two Chinamen leading the way. A hundred feet away from the loaded chamber they struck water. It was deep—a black, ugly sheet that crept along, snakelike, and threw back the reflections of the candles. An hour more—maybe less time than that, would jeopardize their chances of escape.

"Dan," asked Cranston, suddenly, "how will we get out of the Zero once we get in there?"

"The shaft is run on a slant—walk up," grunted the Irishman. "Wait," he added. "We've gone far enough."

Cranston breathed heavily. The cold water was surging up around his knees now, and it sent a chill thru him. His hands and face were scratched, and the skin was barked on his body in a hundred places, from running thru the drift.

The two Chinamen, now thoroly frightened, huddled against the rock shelter that was to protect them from the blast, and Big Dan arranged the fuse in his hands. Then suddenly he touched the candle flame to the end, and a little snake of sputtering fire wriggled off in the darkness towards the dynamite sticks.

For a second the little party waited breathlessly, and the water crept higher and higher about their legs. The fuse was still sparkling away in the darkness from its ledge of rock slightly above the advancing water, and Cranston and Reilley watched this race with silent animation. If the water got the fuse, then there would be no escape into the tunnel that McGruddy had illegally bored. But the water was too low. The seconds dragged into minutes and the minutes totaled four before the terrific blast fairly carried them off their feet. Acrid smoke and gas filled the drift, and the walls still rang with the muffled roar of the explosion.

"Wait," cautioned Big Dan.

Then, after a slight hesitation, he plunged down the parallel with a candle in hand. A white powdery smoke filled the air and burned Cranston's eyes and nose.

For a moment he thought he felt a swirl of water around his waist, and involuntarily he wondered why there should be such a strong current. A cry from Big Dan ahead reassured him, however, and he pushed into the circle of the miner's candlelight.

"See," cried Dan, "there's a hole—now—quick!"

He grabbed one of the screaming Chinamen and threw him into the cavity that yawned in the floor of the parallel. Cranston quickly followed, rolling, twisting down the heap of debris until he found himself squatting on the floor of another level—the one that McGruddy's crew had bored. Water was trickling on his face, and he realized suddenly that the New Man, flooded as it was, was draining thru into this lower level of the Zero.

The candle snuffed out suddenly, and Dan Reilley's big form suddenly shot thru the opening. Another stop was made and the candle was relighted, then the four weary men plunged on thru the secret level to the part where a speck of light glowed dully beyond.

"It's th' shaft o' th' Zero!" cried Dan, and Cranston's heart gave a glad throb.

The four men continued their journey in silence. The tiny speck of light that marked the outer world grew slowly larger and larger as they toiled up the incline toward it. Cranston was weak with fatigue and worry, but the stolid figure of Big Dan loomed up beside him and gave him courage.

Sing Lee was muttering thickly under his breath, and Sam was choking and coughing and scrambling on ahead of the other three as if eager to be the first to reach daylight.

At last, almost exhausted, Cranston staggered to the mouth of the Zero's shaft, which, unlike that of the New Man, went into the hill on a slant. His eyes wandered over the valley, and suddenly he remembered his mission. Big Dan saw the look on his face and sought to restrain him, but Cranston brushed off his hand and started up, the weariness dropping from him as if it had never existed. But Big Dan was on his feet.

"Get down!" he whispered sharply. "There's something doin' over at the mouth o' th' New Man." His command was low, but Cranston instinctively obeyed it.

His eyes followed Big Dan's finger, and he saw, gathered about the mouth of the New Man, a crowd of men, some busily carrying great planks and timbers and others standing idly about. The sight of them enraged Cranston to his former white heat.

"I'm going to see what deviltry they're up to now," he cried, and before Big Dan could catch him he had disappeared in the low bush. Bending over, and watching his opportunity as he came to open stretches, he gained a position just above the mouth of the New Man. Every face in the crowd of miners before him was distinct, and he could hear their voices clearly. Those who were toiling with big planks laid them down over the opening of the shaft, and Cranston realized, with a little shudder, that they were boarding up the opening of the mine. What if he had been down there? he asked himself. Little hope of ever escaping with those huge planks fitted tightly over the mouth of the shaft!

He looked about closely now, and his eyes flashed with hate, for there, standing on the edge of the opening, was *McGruddy, and next to him stood—Enid Ayron!*

Cranston strained his ears to hear the conversation.

"Yes, Miss Ayron," came the suave tones of Doctor McGruddy, "this is the only way to save your mine. The water will ruin it if you don't plank it up—and besides," he added thoughtfully, "it will save the unnecessary expense of hiring a watchman."

The little crook beamed at the girl by his side. How admirable he was, playing both ends of the game! Without a watchman he would be safe in boring under the New Man's lowest level and robbing the claim of its pay streak. With the planks securely weighted down over the top of the shaft he would be pretty safe from any further trouble from Cranston, supposing, of course, that he was down there.

The boss of the New Man ground his teeth with rage. But the time had come for him to play the last card and take the count for getting the last trick. All of the obstacles he had ever overcome during his brief attempt at "making himself over" seemed trivial to this moment, so fraught was it with dramatic setting.

The gun was in his pocket—he had saved that from the wreckage of the mine—and with his hand carelessly touching it he strode out of the brush and walked swiftly down the slope. For fully fifty feet his approach was not noted, then one of the men saw him.

"There he comes!" he cried, and Cranston grinned inwardly to see the flash of disappointment that came into McGruddy's eyes. He saw the little man stiffen up and his eyebrows draw down closely. The Doctor had hidden behind his ambush. But Cranston noted something else. The men had dropped their work and were glaring at him, while some others in the rear seemed to be urging them on.

"My friend has been talking to them and getting them on his side," surmised Cranston, swiftly, but it was too late to back out from the sullen group that slowly awaited his coming.

Never in the history of Little Tellerode had there been a more tense moment than that in which Searl Cranston, the boss of the New Man mine, walked down to lay his last chip against this man who sought to ruin him. If Cranston had known it, it is possible that he would have changed his tactics,

(Continued on Page 14.)

# Keeneyes' Solution

## -:- Or, -:-

# The South Grove Mystery

### By J. Breckenridge Ellis

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CHAPTER VII.

RICHARD ZELLERS—or Keeneyes—looked hastily about the room, and seeing a pitcher of water on the table, first deposited Samson Plim's huddled form in a chair, then restored the merchant to consciousness.

"I am really sorry to have told you, after all," muttered Keeneyes when the other opened his eyes.

"But—but, good heavens, man!" gasped Plim, wildly. "What did you say? I must have fainted—did I dream?" He grasped the other's arm frantically.

"I told you the truth, and it hurt. But remember this, Mr. Plim: I told you only a part of the truth, for a part is all I have uncovered. Do not despair. We know the fire in the grove did not consume a human form; therefore the lady may still be unhurt. But it is certain that your picture was in that watch before the watch was thrown into the fire, whether or not the watch was worn by your sweetheart. Do you know whether or not the lady owned a watch?"

"I think—but no, I cannot remember. But if she were there——"

"Compose yourself while I tell you the rest—I have already told you the worst. When I found the photograph-proof, I reasoned to myself that probably it had been taken out quite recently, since there was no sign of its beginning to fade. Without much trouble, but without showing the picture to any one, I found out it was yours. Quickly learning that you had not had your picture taken in Pamiston recently, and knowing you were in Kansas City, I hurried there, looked about, and soon found the studio where your sitting took place. The picture had been taken Thursday, and since the proof was in that watch the same night, of course you had not had time to get the finished photograph, therefore had given your sweetheart one of the proofs; and she, with or without your knowledge, had placed it in her watch."

"I knew nothing of her having done so," Plim answered weakly. "As I told you, I can't remember whether or not she has a watch. I don't recall her having worn one when I gave her the proof."

Keeneyes resumed: "I also reasoned that you must have met her in Kansas City on that very Thursday—that fatal day of mystery."

"I met her there by chance," Plim said. "I was on my way to the wholesale district, when I saw her on a street car. I jumped on; she was starting out shopping. We dined at a restaurant, and after that——"

He hesitated. Keeneyes said gently:

"Do not distress yourself with telling me anything that may give you pain. You were about to say that a friend suddenly called you from the table and you conversed with him a few moments, no doubt on pressing business, and when you turned around, the young lady of your dreams had disappeared."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the merchant, "how could you possibly know all this?"

"After I found out you had had your photograph taken that morning in Kansas City," Keeneyes returned, "I naturally traced you to find out what you were up to; for, as you were from town at the time of the tragedy, and I had not yet met you, I placed you among my suspects. I traced you to the restaurant, where I discovered you had thrown the waiters into much confusion by searching for your dinner companion. They told me you had been called to one side for a brief time, and that you had hurried out of the restaurant later without finding any clew to the young lady's queer disappearance."

"Yes," Plim groaned, "and I have found out nothing since."

"Of course you went to her home?"

"Of course. Nothing was known about it, and nothing has been learned since. Of course, under the circumstances I had no heart to go ahead with my purchase of stock. There is a faint hope that she may be in Chicago next week, because she had been invited to attend a house party there next Tuesday, and she had written to say she would be sure to attend. Wherever she is now, there's a possibility that she may show up there on the date fixed for the house party."

"I should think nothing more unlikely," Keeneyes remarked, "and yet it is a bare possibility—a possibility almost naked in fact, but we must not despise the smallest scrap of rag if it promises to hide a clew. So we will keep the house party in mind. And in the meantime, Mr. Plim, all I can advise is for you to sit tight and stick to your store, while I proceed with my investigations. All may yet turn out right so far as your lady is concerned."

Plim rose to his feet.

"Mr. Detective," he said warmly, "you have infused new hope into me, because you have proved yourself capable. So marvelously capable! But—but if you are to help me—if you are to solve this distracting mystery, I—no doubt I should give you the lady's name and—and address——"

"Oh, by no means," returned Keeneyes, carelessly. "It is quite needless, I assure you."

"But how are you to find her if you don't know who she is?"

"Never mind that. It'll be all right, my dear sir. Besides, remember that my main object is to investigate the South Grove mystery, not to find your lady. That is a mere byproduct of my industry. When I find out who's at the bottom of that grove tragedy, you'll know where your lady is, rest assured."

And Keeneyes left the room with a brisk step, the merchant gazing after him uncertainly.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Keeneyes left Samson Plim's place of business after his remarkable conversation with that merchant, he walked briskly toward his room at the small hotel. It had been agreed that the boy, Tad Walsh, whom he had engaged to keep an eye on the negro, Tuck, would come to him, or telephone to him, if any move on the negro's part aroused suspicion.

The detective inquired of the landlord if any one had come for him during his absence.

"No, sir, but you had a telephone call."

"Very good."

Keeneyes consulted the memorandum placed for him on the desk, and found that he was requested to call up "No. 75."

He did so, and presently a lady's voice answered.

"This is Zellers," said the detective, tentatively.

"Oh, Mr. Zellers!" exclaimed the voice of the sheriff's wife, "I am Mrs. Walsh. I wish you had been there half an hour ago."

"Your son wanted to speak to me?" Keeneyes asked, with a sense of sudden disappointment at losing the opportunity.

"Indeed he did. Mr. Walsh and I were sitting here when he burst into the room, grabbed the telephone, and called you up. While he waited for you to answer he was so excited that he panted for breath. Maybe he had been running hard. As soon as the landlord said you were out, he dropped the receiver and raced out of the house like mad without a word to us. I called up the hotel to tell them to ask you to call us up on your return, and in the meantime Mr. Walsh has run after Tad to find out what he can."

"Thank you very much. Let me know the moment you learn anything."

Keeneyes seated himself beside the telephone. Presently it jangled. He sprang to it hopefully.

"That you, Zellers?" asked a man's deep voice.

"Yes—what's up?"

"Can't say. Tad ran so fast I couldn't catch him. Don't even know which direction he took after he rounded the railroad bridge at the creek."

"Where's Mrs. Walsh?" asked Keeneyes.

"She went out to see if she could find a trace of him. She went the other way. She's excited."

"And where is Mr. Walsh?"

There was an instant's hesitation, and then the voice answered, "Why, I'm Walsh. I thought you'd know."

"Fact is, I didn't recognize your voice," returned Keeneyes, carelessly. "Anything more?"

"No, that's all," the voice answered.

"Good-by, then," said Keeneyes, cheerfully, and he hung up the receiver. But no sooner had he done so than his attitude changed to remarkable alertness. With one hand he seized his hat, with the other he snatched open the door—like a flash he was gone in the direction of the jail.

People stared after him in open-mouthed astonishment as he raced down the only business street. The turn of a corner brought him in full view of the jail, over which the sheriff's family lived. Not a soul was in sight.

He leaped up the steps and burst open the door of the front hall that led to the living apartments. The door of the sitting-room stood open, and he stopped a moment within its threshold, staring at a limp form that lay upon the floor. Then with a bound he was at the woman's side. He knelt down and felt for a token of life.

Mrs. Walsh, the sheriff's wife, had been struck a brutal blow upon the head, and her brown hair, which was beginning to turn gray, was stained with blood. She did not move, she appeared not to breathe. After a moment of fearful suspense, the detective's skillful fingers told him that her pulse was beating, tho feebly.

He leaped to the telephone, summoned the first doctor suggested by the central office, then in a flash was searching the rooms for any sort of restorative. He found a bottle of ammonia, and sinking upon his knees beside the prostrate form, rubbed her temples and wrists, and judiciously held the bottle where she might inhale it not too deeply.

The physician came hastily, and Mrs. Walsh had been placed upon her bed, and had showed returning vitality before her husband came back to the house.

From the position and condition in which Mrs. Walsh had been found, the physician could only say that she had been struck upon the head by some hard object by a man who had stood behind her—evidently having slipped thru the door without being seen—while she was sitting in a rocking chair near the telephone, her face toward the window that overlooked the street.

As soon as the sheriff's first shock of grief and surprise over his wife's state had partially subsided, and after the physician had assured him his wife was in no immediate danger, he was able to answer the detective's inquiries as to what had happened; that is, he was able to tell all he knew.

As Mrs. Walsh had telephoned to Keeneyes, he had been sitting in the room with his wife when their son had rushed in to call up the detective; finding that he had not returned to the hotel, the lad had darted away with an exclamation of disappointment, and so fleet had been his feet that he was out of sight before the sheriff could reach the front door.

Divining that something very important was in progress, or was about to happen, and realizing Tad's inability because of his youth and lack of unusual strength to cope with any great physical danger, and at the same time knowing him to be a boy whose impetuosity sometimes carried him into difficult positions, Mr. Walsh resolved to overtake his son, and either restrain him from rashness or lend him assistance.

Not once did he catch a glimpse of Tad. But he learned from a neighbor who chanced to be walking in the same direction that the boy had rushed from the building in the direction of the railroad track on the south just as a freight train with a long line of box and flat cars was pulling out from the Pamiston station.

On hearing this, the sheriff had made all speed toward the railroad track, thinking Tad might be hiding in a fringe of trees and bushes that bordered the right of way. He was in time to see the train, of course, but by this time it had crawled over the bridge that spanned the creek at the outskirts of the village. Mr. Walsh reached the trees and called in vain. Hastily he searched the bushes. Tad was not there.

It seemed certain to the sheriff that his son must have climbed upon the moving train, for there seemed no place near enough to conceal him from view if he were still in the streets or in the right of way. Uncertain what to do, he had hastened home to consult with the detective, and found that his wife had been cruelly attacked.

Having carefully weighed the other's statement, Keeneyes told him about the strange voice that had called him up, pretending to be Walsh.

"I knew at once it was not your voice," said Keeneyes, "and the instant he said he was you—he hesitated a moment before saying so—I suspected foul play. I feared that you had been murdered, possibly you and your wife, and that the murderer had called me up to divert suspicion for a space of time long enough to permit his escape. My suspicions were partly correct. Had you been there, he might not have ventured into the room—or he might have killed you both."

The sheriff was white. "But who could it have been? And why should he have struck down my wife merely to telephone you a message of no importance? Why not have gone about his affairs without coming to our rooms at all?"

Keeneyes shrugged his shoulders. "You ask difficult questions. I am hoping that when your wife recovers consciousness, she may be able to answer at least one of them."

Walsh asked, "Did he tell you anything about Tad?"

"Yes. In his voice, pretending to be you, he said he hadn't been able to catch the boy. He claimed to have followed him until he saw him going around the railroad bridge at the creek."

"Going around it?" the sheriff echoed. "But what could he have meant by that? There's no way to go around that bridge unless you wade or swim out into the creek and cross over the track and come back thru the water, which would certainly be a nonsensical proceeding."

Keeneyes shook his head. "I am only reporting his message. He used the expression, 'rounded the railroad bridge.' His exact words were, 'Don't know what direction he took after he rounded the railroad bridge at the creek.'"

"Such words don't mean a thing," the sheriff exclaimed in desperation.

"Well, knowing me to be a stranger, possibly he used the words to confuse me, and keep me from following," remarked Keeneyes. "But since your own testimony confirms the man that in all likelihood Tad did really take the direction of the railroad, hence probably of the railroad bridge, it may seem strange to you that the ruffian, if trying to throw me on a false scent, should have used the word 'railroad' at all."

"I confess it seems amazing."

Just then the physician came to them from the sickroom. He looked exceedingly grave.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I regret to say that you need not wait in the hope of learning from Mrs. Walsh anything that has happened. If I am not mistaken, it will be several weeks at the best before she can communicate with any one intelligently."

To the sheriff he added, "In all probability, an operation will be imperative. Please call in whom you please for consultation, as I do not care to bear all the responsibility, for as you know I am but a general practitioner, and I have never before had a case just like this of your wife's."

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE minds of Pamiston, the tragedy of South Grove had assumed new and most alarming proportions, for nobody in town doubted but that there was some sinister connection between the attempt to burn a woman to death in South Grove on the mysterious night of the preceding Thursday, and the attack upon the sheriff's wife that had left her in a precarious condition hovering between life and death.

Since Mrs. Walsh, should she recover, would not be in a condition to explain why she had been struck down for sev-

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eral weeks, people were obliged to look elsewhere for possible explanations. Nor did it seem probable, since the unfortunate woman had been struck from behind, that even if conscious would she be able to tell anything that had happened.

In the meantime her son Tad, who had been employed to watch the negro, Tuck, had not been seen since his running toward the railroad bridge. Neither had Tuck been seen.

The freight train that in all probability had carried both away made Livermore as its next station above Pamiston, but midway between, that is, about three miles from Pamiston, there was a tank where it was scheduled to stop to take on water—a tank beside a large pond, standing in the country, not in sight of any farmhouse or dwelling-place of any sort.

The detective telegraphed ahead to Livermore to intercept Tuck and the sheriff's son, should they be concealed on the freight train when it reached that village.

In due time the message came back that at Livermore the train had been thoroly searched, but the fugitive and his pursuer had certainly not entered Livermore on that train; nor had they been seen hiding in a car on the way, tho it was possible that they might have slipped from the train during the stop at the tank, or even at a railroad crossing where a stop was always made, and where a nearby wood might easily have hidden them from the train crew, and even have permitted Tad to fool Tuck without the negro's discovery that he was being shadowed.

To search the countryside for Tad and Tuck all the way from Pamiston to Livermore seemed the needful thing to be done, and willing scouts scattered along the way, some on horse, some afoot, some in automobiles, for at least part of the distance.

Footprints were found, and broken branches that showed somebody—one or several—had recently plunged into the woods; but it was uncertain whether they were those sought. Since there was no evidence to the contrary, it was naturally supposed that true clews had been found, but it was impossible to follow them at any great length because they presently vanished in a stream that traversed the dense wood.

The sum total of all discoveries amounted to this: Tad had been seen running toward the railroad bridge. He might have been running to catch sight of Tuck; they might have boarded the moving train without having been seen; they might have jumped off between Pamiston and Livermore, and there were footprints to indicate that they might have gone some distance in the woods to a small stream. On the other hand, Tad might not have been pursuing the negro at all, and might not have jumped upon the freight train.

There was only one absolute certainty in the whole matter, and one warrantable conclusion: Tad had started in the direction of the railroad bridge; and, if able, he would in due time either return to Pamiston to report, or would send some message. For this message they must wait, even as they were waiting for Tad's mother to come to her senses.

An operation upon Mrs. Walsh's skull was decided upon, but for the present this operation was delayed owing to her weak condition.

Of course the detective had been asked about the voice over the telephone—the voice that pretended to be that of the sheriff's.

Keeneyes could only say that the voice was not that of Tuck, the fugitive. Whose it was, he could not even conjecture. He answered questions so frankly that it did not occur to the public that he was holding anything back; but as a matter of fact he had confided to no one the queer story Tuck had told him in the jail.

Part of the story was manifestly absurdly false; all of it might be; but Keeneyes did not believe the negro capable of inventing the entire narrative. He believed, too, that in the main the story had been essentially accurate and he did not care to have the communicated facts generally known at this time.

In the meantime, Keeneyes had not joined in with the searchers who were scouring the land between Pamiston and Livermore. If anything was to be found of Tad, doubtless they would find it. He had something more important to do. And this was to decide just what had been meant when the unknown voice on the wire had told him that Tad had "rounded" the railroad bridge.

Of course no dependence was to be put in a single word the voice had uttered—the voice of the man who had just struck down Mrs. Walsh and was coolly impersonating her husband while perhaps the prostrate body lay rigid at his feet. But the detective believed that for every word uttered there was a motive. The motive must have been to avert discovery of whose hand had struck down Mrs. Walsh, and why the brutal blow had been dealt.

To say that Tad had "rounded" the railroad bridge would naturally make one think that the lad had run in that direction, whatever might be thought of the statement that the bridge had been "rounded." Would not this signify that, as a matter of fact, Tad had run in a direction quite the opposite of the railroad bridge?

But there was the passing neighbor who had declared that Tad had actually run in the direction of the railroad, therefore, presumably, the railroad bridge. The matter seemed to the detective of the utmost perplexity. He decided, after a half-hour of silent musings, to interrogate that neighbor who had accidentally been strolling down the street in time to see Tad disappear.

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## CHAPTER X.

THE first care of the detective was to find the neighbor who had informed Tad's father that Tad had run away in the direction of the railroad; and as he did not know who the neighbor was, he set forth to find the sheriff, that he might learn the name. It was more than likely that he could find out something from that neighbor that the sheriff had failed to elicit, something, possibly, that the very neighbor himself regarded as of no moment.

The first person of whom he inquired informed him that the sheriff was with the search party that was examining minutely the woods and fields between Pamiston and the next railroad town. So busily was the sheriff engaged that it was about an hour before Keeneyes was able to come within hailing distance of him.

Mr. Walsh was in a prodigious hurry because he thought he had at last found a clew to his son's whereabouts. But instead of Keeneyes showing any interest in what happened to be a boy's footprint in a damp path, he only asked:

"Who was the neighbor that told you he saw Tad last running toward the railroad track?"

At first the sheriff seemed unable to focus his thoughts upon the question, then he answered, "Doctor Free."

"And can you tell me where I can find the doctor?"

"No doubt at his office," returned Mr. Walsh. "He couldn't come out to join in our search because of his office practice. He told me so expressly."

"Very good."

Keeneyes hurried back to town and sought the doctor's office. It was on the corner of Main street and a side street. The doctor was in and professed himself pleased to meet the detective. He said his next engagement was not until half an hour, and he would be pleased to answer any questions his guest might choose to put.

Dr. Free was a middle-aged man, with light brown hair which encircled a bald spot at the middle of his head. He was a good-looking, tall and well-formed man, with a courtly manner, an agreeable smile, tho this smile at times was inclined to become sarcastic or cynical.

"Doctor Free," said Keeneyes, obeying the other's invitation to sit down, "you are the last man to our knowledge who saw Tad Walsh, and I appreciate deeply your readiness to answer any question I may put to you. I take for granted, from your voluntary offer, that you'll not take any question amiss that I may put to you."

"Certainly not, certainly not," said the physician, opening his eyes. "At any rate, any question relating to that boy who has vanished from the earth. Of course, I can imagine questions I should not like to answer, but they are such as could not concern you."

"I am not sure of that," said Keeneyes, "because you will remember that I am a detective working on the South Grove case, and should like to know a great many things."

"Naturally. But as I know nothing of that case, I couldn't help you by answering your questions in that respect. In fact, I couldn't answer them. I wouldn't know what to say."

"I presume you base that statement upon the fact that you were out of town when the fire was built that was meant to burn some woman alive?"

"I was out of town, to be sure. But I hardly understand your manner of stating the fact."

"I believe both you and your wife left Pamiston the day before the mysterious Thursday night?"

"We did. Any one may tell you so. It is no secret."

"Ah, to be sure. But no one can tell me where you went, or where you stayed all the time during that Wednesday of your departure and the intervening time until this very morning when you and Mrs. Free came back on the St. Joe train."

The physician flicked the ash from his cigar. "Really, Mr. Zellers, it is nobody's business, so why should they be able to tell anything about it? I understood that you meant to make inquiries concerning Tad Walsh, not about my personal affairs."

"When you said," Keeneyes persisted, with unruffled countenance, "that you could imagine questions you wouldn't like to answer, did you mean such questions as the one I just put?"

The physician frowned impatiently. "I do not understand, sir, just what kind of a question you consider to be the one you have just proposed."

"In that case, let me put another, and you may be able to classify them. Have you and your wife recently been strongly, not to say violently, at variance on a certain matter, and have you not, in consequence, quarreled?"

Doctor Free rose with a flushed face. "I am now perfectly able to classify your first question and to place your second one with it. They are just the kind of questions that lead to a man being kicked out of my office door."

And he started toward Keeneyes with dangerous eyes.

"One moment," cried Keeneyes, springing behind his chair and holding it as a shield, "do not be rash. I promise to confine my questions to Tad, and I beg you not to stand in the way of his chances by letting your anger run away with you."

The physician stopped, collected himself, and said coldly, "I have told Tad's father all that I know. Will you have the goodness to leave my room quietly?"

"I will go just as soon as I learn what I must know about Tad, and what you alone can tell me. Do not delay the ends of justice and possibly subject the boy to terrible danger by consulting your personal feelings. What does it matter whether you feel outraged or not? That won't hurt you. And so far as we know, Tad is at this moment in danger of his life."

Doctor Free cast a penetrating glance at the other and found that he spoke sincerely. He gave one of his ironical smiles, and waved his hand in acquiescence.

"You are impossible, quite impossible," he declared, "but go on—ask what you please."

"Where were you when you saw Tad run out of his house and take the direction of the railroad?"

"I was walking along the street that passes the front of the jail."

"Why were you there?"

"I was going to the office from a professional call at the home of a certain woman named Mrs. Bennett, a widow, whose two children are attending school. The maid saw me there, let me in and out, and can testify to this," he added, with another smile.

"Oh, I do not doubt what you tell me. It is what you refuse to tell that puzzles me—but let that pass. As a matter of fact, Mr. Walsh correctly reports you when he says you told him you saw Tad running in the direction of the railroad track?"

"Certainly."

"And might have been going toward the bridge?"

"He was headed in that direction. Of course, after he turned the corner, he may not have continued in the same course. He may have gone just opposite from the bridge when he was out of sight; or he may never have actually reached the railroad track. I went on to my office, and thought no more about it till Mr. Walsh ran up to me making inquiries."

"Where did Mr. Walsh meet you?"

"In the street before my office door."

"He seemed excited?"

"Greatly so. After I told him all I knew, which, as you find, was little enough, he dashed away."

"To the railroad track?"

"He started that way, but after I had gone in the office, on closing the door I happened to look back down the street toward the direction of the railroad."

"He was in sight, I suppose?"

"No, he had passed from view."

"Do you mean by that that he had turned the corner to go another direction?"

The physician hesitated, frowning a little thoughtfully. Then he answered:

"No, I wouldn't say that. You see, he seemed in a desperate hurry to overtake Tad; and when I told him Tad had run off toward the railroad, naturally he would follow. I couldn't see him following that street, but he might have been doing it anyhow, for I was not particularly interested, and only looked from the doorway a moment. He may have been in the street all the time."

"But you didn't see him in the street?"

"No, but I wasn't looking particularly closely."

"Still," Keeneyes persisted, going to the door and looking out, "if he had been there in the street, would it not have been very strange for you not to see him?"

The physician shrugged his shoulder. "You can see for yourself that the view of the street is perfectly open from here."

"So it is," Keeneyes agreed. "But Mr. Walsh assured me that he ran after Tad without a moment's hesitation after you had told him which way to take."

"Then you see," returned the other, whose manner indicated that he had forgotten his anger and was growing very much bored, "that I simply overlooked him."

"Is it possible that he ran so fast that by the time you had turned to look back, he had run too far to be seen?"

"Mr. Zellers," cried Doctor Free, "it was not possible. What else can I do for you? My time is valuable, sir."

"As mine is not," returned Keeneyes, with a smile, "I would gladly give you some of it but that you refuse to answer

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certain questions of great importance."

"The questions you refer to, sir, are important only to myself."

To that, Keeneyes said nothing. Standing near the door, he still hesitated, his eyes fixed almost hungrily upon the physician's face. But having decided that it would be futile to try to make Doctor Free tell what he was resolved not to disclose, he bowed abruptly, and went away.

He felt, however, that his visit had been far from fruitless, and was encouraged to go immediately to the doctor's private residence, hoping to catch Mrs. Free at home, and have an interview with her before Doctor Free might think of warning her on the telephone line to say nothing.

At the modest dwelling, set back in a pretty lawn, he learned from the maid that Mrs. Free was at home. He sent up his card, and in a very brief time faced the lady in her tiny drawing-room.

### CHAPTER XI.

NATURALLY the physician's wife was surprised to receive a visitor whose card informed her that he was a detective, personally unknown to her or her husband, but concerning whose wide reputation she was not ignorant. Was she alarmed, as well as surprised? If so, her manner did not betray the fact.

Keeneyes found her a handsome woman of about thirty-eight or forty, stylishly gowned, and having the air of one who, tho she lives in a small town, has traveled much, and been often thrown into society of the better sort. She stood, waiting for the other to state his purpose, without inviting him to be seated.

"Mrs. Free," said Keeneyes at once, "as you may have heard, I have been engaged to work upon the South Grove mystery. Today, Mrs. Walsh, the sheriff's wife, has been struck down by a ruffianly blow, and her son has run away or has been foully dealt with. In all these complications, you will excuse me for looking wherever I can for clews that might help clear up the strange tangle. This is my apology for troubling you."

"I would gladly help you," she answered serenely, "but I cannot imagine why you think I might know anything to aid in solving the mystery. My husband is at his office at this hour, and if you would see him——"

"I have just had the pleasure of an interview with Doctor Free," Keeneyes assured her, "and he has told me something of vital importance. But, as he said, his time was valuable, and he could not spare me any more. What I want to know you can tell me as well as he."

She opened her eyes wide. "How is it possible that my husband could tell you anything of value?"

"Simply because he knew what I wished to know."

"But I can't think what he knows about any of these perplexing events."

"Nevertheless he told me something that may lead to a clearing up of the whole affair. But in order to hasten my labors, I asked him other questions which you can answer as well as he."

She looked at him keenly. "I do not know what you can possibly mean."

"I will tell you in a moment, merely prefacing my questions by saying that your husband refused to answer these same questions."

She looked still more amazed, even alarmed. "Do you mean to say you are going to ask me something that my husband refused to tell you?"

"Precisely so. And I feel it but honorable to tell you this in advance."

"I am afraid you antagonized him," said Mrs. Free. "I regret to say that my husband is sometimes incredibly obstinate, and if you go at him in the wrong way, you can simply get nothing out of him. That can be the only reason he wouldn't tell you all he knows—for he can know nothing about it."

"At any rate, I hope I have gone about it the right way with you," said the detective, with a smile. "What I want to know is just this: Where were you and your husband from the time you left Pamiston last Wednesday until your return today?"

Her face altered. "We came back from Kansas City," she answered coldly.

"Yes, I know; but where were you the rest of the time?"

"I do not wonder," she remarked dryly, "that my husband refused to answer a question that he naturally considered—er——"

"Impertinent?" Keeneyes inquired. "Just so. And I also asked him why he went away, and what he had been doing. He would tell me nothing of all this."

"He was right," said Mrs. Free with chilly politeness. "I think this ends our very strange interview, Mr. Zellers."

"I will tell you when our interview ends," he answered impressively. "It ends when you dismiss me because of your unwillingness to answer what I have asked."

"Then it is ended," she said with a freezing nod.

At that moment the telephone rang. The telephone was in the hall and the detective hesitated as Mrs. Free hurried to answer it.

"It is no doubt your husband, calling you," he remarked, much disappointed at the result of the visit—so disappointed that he could not quite hide his feelings. "He needn't have called to warn you, for you are discretion itself."

Exactly as if he had not spoken—as if he were not present—she had swept out to the telephone. As he could not leave the house without passing her at the receiver, he waited, not caring to be a witness to a one-sided conversation, none of which could be meant for him.

Almost at once he heard Mrs. Free utter an incredulous and horrified exclamation. A moment after, she called loudly:

"Mr. Zellers!"

The detective ran out into the hall.

Her face was as white as marble.

"My husband just called me up," she faltered, "to say that Mr. Walsh—Tad's father—is dead! He has been murdered!"

### CHAPTER XII.

FOR a moment Keeneyes stared at Mrs. Free blankly. Seldom in his professional career had he been so surprised by any bit of information. Still less seldom had he ever betrayed his surprise by look or tone. But now he eyed the physician's wife literally unable to think. This period of blankness, however, lasted but for a few moments.

She was still standing as if petrified, returning his look, when he resumed his natural manner.

"Mrs. Free," he asked, hurrying to the door at the same time, "did your husband ask you to tell me this news?"

Mrs. Free shivered and strove for self-mastery. "Certainly not. He is unaware of your presence here."

"I thought he might have guessed it—or suspected it."

"He did not refer to you in any way. He simply told me that Mr. Walsh has been murdered. That was all."

"Where did it happen?"

"That I cannot tell you, because all my husband said was that the deed had been committed."

Keeneyes found that he had—at least for the present—learned all from Mrs. Free that was to be learned. With a breathless "Thank you," he darted from the house at the top of his speed, and from the first chance pedestrians made inquiries concerning the sheriff.

Everybody seemed to have heard of the tragedy, and in a short time he was met by a horse and buggy which had been dispatched for him. It was the wish of the coroner that Keeneyes should see the body exactly as it had been found, before any attempt had been made to remove it from the scene of death. The detective heard this with great satisfaction.

The man who had been sent to fetch him drove him at great speed. As they whirled out of town, he said to Keeneyes: "Curious how I get mixed up in things. You see, I'm the man who first saw the fire in the South Grove."

"Ah," remarked Keeneyes, "to be sure, you are Mr. Snails, the farmer."

"Yes, sir. And now they got me to drive in for you. Poor Walsh, he'll never go on another coonhunt. We were all searching the woods for poor Tad when I reckon a dozen of us all heard the shots—three shots. We ran to the place, all of us together, and there he was stretched out on the ground. And in my opinion the same man that built the fire in South Grove is the man that murdered poor Walsh."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, everybody naturally puts the two together."

"But why do they?"

"Well, you see, happening one right after the other, and both so unhuman, you see, it don't stand to reason that a small community like this can be housing two such fiends, one of 'em trying to burn a woman alive, and the other murdering the sheriff when he was searching for his lost son. They must be all one and the same."

"And who is it?"

The farmer shrugged his shoulders. "We'd like to know that, all right enough!"

It was now the detective who shrugged his shoulders. "Mr. Snails, I do not find your thoughts of value. Kindly keep still and let me think until we reach the scene of the shooting, for I believe I can think to some purpose."

Mr. Snails relapsed into offended silence, which was quite unheeded by his equally silent companion. At last the farmer, who had reached an animated scene, stopped the horse without one word.

Most of the searchers had temporarily given up their quest for the missing boy, to gather about the rigid form of the boy's father. They formed an awed circle around the dead sheriff, speaking below their breath.

Walsh lay in a very small clearing entirely surrounded by hazel bushes, and the men standing among these bushes formed a weird picture, as if they had suddenly started up from ambush. The sheriff had been pierced by a bullet in the heart, and must have died almost instantaneously. In an oak tree at about twelve paces from him, were found imbedded the first two bullets which had missed their mark. The third bullet had been sped from so close a range that the vest was burned from the pistol's explosion. The pistol lay upon the ground close to the dead man's side.

The ground upon which the body lay was comparatively soft, covered in part by moss, partly by the decayed leaves of other years, yet in spots it was perfectly bare. On the ground of this clearing, particularly on the bare spots, were found the footprints of a man so plainly and clearly cut in outline that any one looking at the dead man must see them. These footprints were not those of Walsh, for his footprints were also plainly visible.

The footprints of the unknown were smaller than those of Walsh, and could not have been made by him. They wandered off among the bushes, and could be unmistakably traced for a considerable distance. They stopped at the base of a telephone pole which stood on an elevation supporting a private rural line. To judge by the footprints to the foot of this pole, and the absence of any footprints pointing from the pole, one was almost forced to the conclusion that the fugitive had climbed from the ground, then, by some mysterious means, had been taken from the pole and carried thru the air as by an airship.

An airship had never been seen within miles of Pamiston, and of course had one hovered near that day, it must have been seen by a hundred eyes. Still, if the murderer had climbed that pole, or if he had merely stopped at the foot of it, why were there not other prints showing that he had walked away? Had he made other tracks which he had carefully covered?

It was impossible that this should have been done after the pistol shots, for the crowd in hurrying to the scene had in part straggled past the very hill upon which the telephone post was planted. A man might have rushed to the pole and away without discovery; but he could not have taken time to cover his footprints without discovery. And yet every footprint pointed toward the pole at the top of the hill.

Doctor Free had been sought at the moment of discovery, and he was already on hand when Keeneyes stepped to the ground. All he said was that the sheriff must have died instantly. It was not expected that he should say more, even if he had more to say, until the inquest. He looked at Keeneyes with a frown, but spoke with perfunctory politeness when they met.

Among the speculations that inevitably followed so unheard-of an event, naturally all sorts of solutions were proposed for the mystery. One of these, stated quite baldly, was that Walsh had committed suicide. The physician might state this as his opinion at the inquest, or he might declare it impossible; in the meantime he refused to discuss the matter. Still, some thought it a case of suicide, tho these were few.

And of these few, none could venture an explanation for such an act. So far as was known, the sheriff had no money troubles, he lived peaceably with his family and with all men, he was of a naturally pleasant disposition, and during the search for Tad he had shown the zeal of a loving and distressed father, such as might have been expected. No discovery connected with his missing son had been found; hence he had all reason to continue looking for him, and he must have been anxious for his wife's recovery in order to learn who had assaulted her—in short, there was every reason for him to cling to life, and none, so far as was known, for him to shrink from it. Yet his wound was such that his own hand might have inflicted it.

Others held this as very good evidence that he had not fired the shot. The real murderer, they said, naturally wanted it to appear that Walsh had killed himself. Moreover, was it not probable that the man who had struck down his wife was the very man who had shot him? And was it not probable that this was the same man who had beguiled away Tad Walsh? In that case—if all three crimes were to be charged to the same man—was not that man the negro, Tuck?

There were found no clews to the murder—if, indeed, the sheriff had not committed suicide—except the mysterious footprints and the pistol that had lain not far from the dead man's hand, and the two bullets imbedded in the tree to indicate from what direction the shots had been fired.

The matter of the pistol was taken up with all possible minuteness. There were several who knew about the sheriff's weapons, and in particular, his deputy claimed to know every weapon in his superior's possession. Nobody remembered having ever seen Walsh with the pistol found beside him. This was only negative evidence, of course, but the passionate insistence of the deputy sheriff that he knew every firearm in the possession of the sheriff naturally had its impression.

If the sheriff had purchased the pistol without his subordinate's knowledge—the motive being an intention to commit suicide, yet leave the impression of having been murdered—it should not be difficult to find where he had made the purchase

Diligent inquiries were made at every store in Pamiston County where firearms were sold, and as it was known that the sheriff had visited St. Joseph, Missouri, within the past six months, inquiries were made there.

It could not be found that Walsh had bought a pistol anywhere or at any time, except those weapons of which others had full knowledge. Nor could the pistol found on the ground be traced to any hardware store.

There was nothing distinctive about the pistol to make it different from its kind—no initials upon it, no mark of any kind. It contained no undischarged cartridges—if the final shot had not killed the sheriff, the pistol would have been powerless to hurt him.

The entire succession of events at Pamiston, beginning with the discovery of the flickering bonfire in South Grove, was declared by the daily press to compose one of the most astounding, unusual and inexplicable mysteries in the annals of the State

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

## No Such Animal.

Herbert was fond of giving realistic touches to his reading lesson. He had been corrected repeatedly by his teacher for adding words that were not in the book. In a lesson about pigs Herbert read the concluding sentence—"And the little pig said 'Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee——' "

The teacher interrupted him. "Herbert, read that last sentence again. Can't you see that in the book there are only two 'wees?' "

Herbert looked up defiantly "Teacher," he declared, "there never was a little pig that said 'wee, wee' just twice, and then stopped!"

* * *

## By the Hour.

A New England woman was visiting her cousin in the South when they both had occasion to use a little branch railway. The lady from Yankeeland protested against the high rates. "It seems to me," said she, "that five cents a mile is extortion."

"It is a good lot of money," said the Southerner, "if you think of it by the mile. But just consider how cheap it is by the hour—only about thirty-five cents. Can you ride any longer than that for thirty-five cents up North?"

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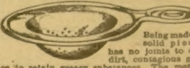

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# THE FAIRY CORNER

## THE TREASURE.

Many years ago in the small town of Slaton, N. C., there lived a boy named James Beck. His father was a poor man who made his living by fishing. One bright day the boy, then 10 years old, was wandering along the coast, when he determined to explore an old wreck lying near the shore, and as he searched he came upon an octagonal box.

"Hello," James said to himself, "this looks queer; I'll open it." But there was nothing about by which he could pry off the cover and he took the box home and hid it between cracks of the cabin walls, saying nothing about it to any one. Years passed by and the family, then in better circumstances, had built another house. After they had moved into it the old log cabin was taken down, and James, now a young man, found the octagonal box, which he had entirely forgotten. This time he smashed it between two stones and drew out a parchment on which was written:

"Thirteen feet east of the sycamore at the crest of Pitts Cape lies the treasure of Black Dan."

James was thunderstruck when he read the message. Was this man his great-grandfather, the notorious Alan Beck, of whom his father had told him? This was certainly exciting, but having become more composed, James determined to show no one the message, but to find the treasure for himself. He knew that Pitts Cape was five miles north and he took with him a spade, a lantern and a measuring tape and an old negro named Sam and began his search. He was disappointed to find not a single sycamore on the cape, tho he covered every foot of it, but coming upon a stump, which he thought might have been that of a sycamore tree, he measured thirteen feet to the east and fell to digging. He soon touched something hard, which proved to be another octagonal box that contained a second message on parchment:

"Removed treasure to Black Gap, one mile west, four feet north of largest oak.
"BLACK DAN."

Then James gathered up everything and proceeded to Black Gap, where he had no trouble to find the largest oak. As it was now getting dark he lighted the lantern and commanded Sam to hold it, when he measured four feet north from the tree and began to dig. His reward was nothing but another octagonal box, but this time the parchment message read:

"Removed treasure for the last time to the 'Cave of Darkness,' 300 feet to the left of the oak. In the back part of the cave a large ring is attached to a stone. Lift it and you will see the treasure. BLACK DAN."

James now went to the cave—a small one—which he entered by crawling on his stomach, and when once inside he found himself facing two glaring eyes. These seemed, however, to be stationary, and as he proceeded he saw that they were really two diamonds used for the eyes of a poll parrot. Just beneath Polly—she had probably been the pet of the pirates—was the ring Black Dan had mentioned. Pulling up the stone James came upon a large piece of parchment, which he threw quickly aside, for in plain sight was the treasure chest. The lock was broken in a hurry, and the scene that met the eye as the cover was thrown back was indescribable! There were diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones, gold enough to give its possessor every luxury, and many other articles of great value. James took the chest and the polly with the diamond eyes home with him, and then set out to read the parchment, on which was written:

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

"I was born in the town of Chatick, Wales, and my father wanted me to be a merchant, but I had other notions and I finally ran away to sea. After being a common sailor for many years I was promoted to be mate and then master. Meanwhile I had fallen into bad ways with a band of desperadoes, and I cast in my lot with them altogether.

"We fitted out a ship with large stores and set out to sea. Before many days we met a Spanish merchantman, and when we commanded her to stop she did so and we boarded her. She had just come from Peru and had much gold and precious stones on her. We took it all away from her and sent her on her way, and after we had divided the spoil we determined to get more. So we held up other ships and soon had a quantity of gold and precious stones, enough so that we could live in luxury. I have saved enough for my own use and have buried the rest and now you—I hope you are one of my relatives—have the treasure and can live in luxury, too.
"BLACK DAN."

And James—the pirate's great-grandson—certainly did "live in luxury" and in happiness ever after.

## ALL SORTS OF KINGS.

"The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings!" hummed the Raven, looking over his list. He was so busily engaged that he did not notice the Crow until the latter gave him a sly nudge.

"What are you croa—king about?" he chuckled, delighted to have made a pun.

"Kings, of course!" said the Raven, and without further ceremony began reading his list:

"Seeking, leaking, Viking, liking, Peking, speaking, reeking, waking, shaking, quaking, raking, baking, making, taking, forsaking—uh—ah—kings of all the nations, kings of hearts, diamonds; clubs and spades, chess kings, and checker kings, kingfisher, kingcrab, kingbird, Charles Kingsley, kingdom, kingship, Kingston, smoking, poking, joking, soaking, striking, thanking, banking and ranking." The Raven was quite hoarse. As for the Crow, he looked depressed.

Did the Raven forget any kings?

## WHAT LOTTIE SAW.

Lottie Smith lives in the country. She had been on an errand at a neighbor's, and she set down her basket on the floor as she came into the kitchen, where her mother was frying doughnuts.

"Well, daughter, are you tired?" said her mother.

"Yes, I am pretty tired," said Lottie. But she added, smiling, "While I was gone, mamma, I saw twenty-five of the prettiest little kittens you ever saw."

"Lottie Smith!" exclaimed her mother, reprovingly.

"Really, mamma," said Lottie; "and I wish you could see them, they are so pretty and cunning."

"Twenty-five kittens are a great many, little daughter," said her mother, gravely. "Where did you see them?"

"Over at Mrs. Dunton's, where I went to buy the eggs, and now, mamma, I'll tell you all about it. After Mrs. Dunton had put the eggs in my basket, she said:

"'Come out this way a minute, I want to show you something.'

"So she took me into the woodshed and there, in an old cheesebox, were five lovely little kittens. After I had seen them long enough, I started for home, and Willie met me just by the well, and said:

"'Oh, Lottie! Come back just a minute. I want to show you something.'

"So he took me in at the back shed door and showed me five cunning little kittens in a cheesebox.

"In a few minutes Mrs. Dutton called Willie and I started for home again. And Grandpa Dunton met me just by the side steps. He said:

"'Why, here's Lottie Smith, just come back! Child, I want you to see something we have in the shed.'

"So I went back and he showed me five kittens, all in a little heap in a cheesebox.

"Then I started for home again and got as far as the gate, when Joe met me and said:

"'Hello, Lottie Smith! You are just the girl I want to see. I want to show you something. Come back to the house a minute.'

"So I went back with him and he showed me five fat little kittens in a cheesebox.

"After I looked at them I said good-by to Joe and started to come home by the back way. And Grandma Dunton met me going down the garden walk. She kissed me and said:

"'How bright you are, my dear! I want you to see something at the house. Just come back a minute.'

"So she took me back and showed me five sleepy little kittens in a cheesebox.

"And now, mamma," said Lottie, smiling triumphantly, "didn't I see tweney-five little kittens?"

Her mamma's eyes twinkled and she said:

"It looks a good deal as if you did."

## REVERSIBLE.

A company of young people was trying to find words that could be spelled the same way, either forwards or backwards, and somebody mentioned "reviver." Then "madam" and "level" were brought out, and finally it was remarked that there was a whole sentence that could be read backwards. The company laughed at the idea, but the speaker said: "Reverse this sentence 'Snug and raw was I ere I saw war and guns' and you will find it reads just the same."

$50,000 Ty Cobb "Comes Back" Nuxated Iron Makes Him Winner—Greatest Baseball

Batter of all time says Nuxated Iron filled him with renewed life after he was weakened and all run down. Supplies that "stay there" strength and vim that makes men of mark and women of power.

Well known physician who has studied widely in this country and Europe, explains why taking iron enabled Ty Cobb to "come back" so quickly and show such tremendous strength and endurance. Says ordinary nuxated iron will often increase the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 200 per cent. in two weeks' time.

New York, N. Y.—When interviewed in his apartment at Bretton Hall, Ty Cobb said: "Hundreds of people write to me to know how I train and what I do to keep up that force and vitality which enables me to play practically every day of the entire baseball season. They wonder why I can play a better game today than when I was younger.

The secret is keeping up the supply of iron in my blood—exactly what everyone else can do if they will.

At the beginning of the present season I was nervous and run down from a bad attack of tonsolitis, but soon the papers began to state "Ty Cobb has 'come back.' He is hitting up the old stride." The secret was iron—Nuxated Iron filled me with renewed life.

Now they say I'm worth $50,000 a year to any baseball team, yet without plenty of iron in my blood I wouldn't be worth five cents. Nuxated Iron supplies that "stay there" strength and vim that makes men of mark and women of power.

Continuing, Dr. Sauer said: "Mr. Cobb's case is only one of hundreds which I could cite from my own personal experience, which proves conclusively the astonishing power of nuxated iron to restore strength and vitality even in most complicated chronic conditions."

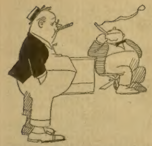
Nuxated Iron has filled me with renewed life and vigor. I play a better game to-day than when I was younger.

Tyrus R. Cobb

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dypepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



Higgs—"Crooke is a criminal lawyer, isn't he?"

Diggs—"He's a lawyer, but as to his being criminal, I think he's too careful to quite overstep the line."

### The Flippant Clerk.

Hotels vary as much in degrees of comfort as the haughty hotel clerks do in degrees of flippancy and efforts to please the guests. It was midnight in a hostelry in an Arizona town, when a guest called up and in an angry voice said: "There are a couple of mice fighting up here."

"What room have you?" inquired the sleepy clerk. He was told and then he inquired, "What are you paying for it?"

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"Well, what do you expect for $2—a bull fight?"

### A Sure Way.

"I know a way to put the liquor traffic out of business, without voting for prohibition."

"You do? What is it?"

"Everybody quit drinking."

### He Didn't Know.

Francis Gribble, writing in the Fortnightly, tells an amusing story of a roll call of prisoners in the camp at Ruthleben. To facilitate the arrangement the prisoners were sorted alphabetically. But when the names of all the G's had been called there was an incident. Each man, as his name was called, was transferred to a fresh formation, but at last there remained a solitary gentleman of color, gaping and grinning genially. Mr. Beaumont, acting on behalf of the military authority, turned and questioned him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Waiting to be counted, sah," replied the other.

"What's your name?"

"Martin, sah."

"Well, Martin doesn't begin with G, does it?"

"I don't know, sah. I've only learned as far as F, sah."

### Pluck.

A man, who had made a huge fortune, was speaking a few words to a class at a business college. Of course the main theme of his address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said, proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck. Just take that for your motto—'Pluck, pluck, pluck!'" He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir, but please tell us how and whom did you pluck?"

### Easily Recognized.

"Doppel married one of the Doddersly girls. They are twins, you know, and the neighbors used to say they couldn't tell them apart."

"It's easy enough to tell them apart now."

"How so?"

"The one Doppel married always wears such a disgusted look."

### Spoiled.

Samuel H. Church, president of the Carnegie Institute, said at a luncheon in Pittsburgh, apropos of certain war atrocities:

"The excuse for these atrocities reminds me of the miner bridegroom. A young miner got married and for the first week's housekeeping expenses he gave his wife the good round sum of one dollar. The girl, to his surprise, accepted the dollar cheerfully and that week they lived abundantly enough, albeit plainly. So, for the second week, the miner doled out only half a dollar. Then his wife went for him. She told him what she thought of his meanness. The house reverberated with her indignation. The miner, in the midst of the storm, clapped on his hat and stalked out, muttering: 'I see what's the matter here. I spoiled ye the first week.'"

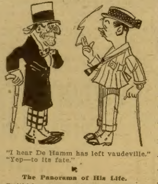
### Accustomed to It.

"Did you give this man the third degree?" asked the police officer.

"Yes. We browbeat and badgered him with every question we could think of."

"What did he do?"

"He dozed off and merely murmured now and then: 'Yes, my dear, you're perfectly right.'"



"I hear De Hamm has left vaudeville."

"Yep—to its fate."

### The Panorama of His Life.

Smithkins was reciting to a little circle of his club friends the thrilling story of a shipwreck in which he had all but lost his life. It was a long story, for it was filled with many tales of heroism—chiefly Smithkins'. Smithkins had just come to the passage describing the moment of his own peril.

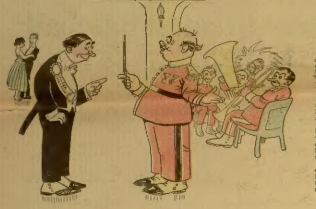
"Utterly exhausted," he went on, "by my strenuous efforts, I had no strength left to keep myself afloat. Weakly I sank a first time, then a second. As I was going down for what I believed to be the last time the panorama of my whole life was unrolled before me. Every deed, every detail, every moment in my life was unveiled in a series of pictures——"

Jones, sitting quietly in the corner dozing, suddenly woke up. "Smithkins," he interrupted, "did you happen to notice a picture of me lending you half a sovereign in the spring of 1914?"

### Just Another Way.

"Pa," said a schoolboy who delighted to give information to his seniors, "a process has been patented for treating the edges of paper money so that when the bills are placed in a phonograph they make sounds that prove their genuineness."

"A novel idea," said the father, "but, after all, that is only another way of making money talk."



The Floor Manager—"Have you some good music that will speed up the fox trot?"

The Orchestra Leader—"A fine piece. The trombone imitates the baying of the hounds."

### In Dancing Circles.

"Is that youthful-looking man really your father?"

"Why, yes," yelled the debutante.

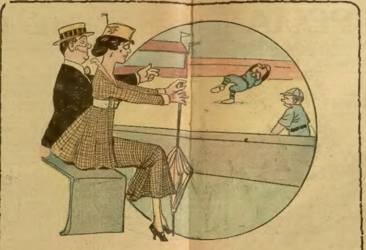
"He doesn't look as old as the man who had the last dance with you."

"Mercy, no! That was grandfather."

### Groping Along.

Old Gotrox—"Young man, my daughter tells me you love her. Do you wish to marry her?"

Suitor (significantly)—"Well, I thought I'd see what you had to say on the subject first, sir."



"Why does that pitcher make all those funny motions before he throws the ball?"

"Wants to impress the manager of the club with the fact that he is earning his salary."

### PA AND MA.

When ma comes running down the stairs
She stops right in the door,
An' sort o' makes a picture there
An' taps upon the floor,
Till pa looks up. [illegible] then she cries,
"Well, how is this for style?"
An' pa just grunts and drops his eyes—
An' then I see him smile.

My pa sometimes he gets so mad
It's awful how he blows
About the money ma has had
To keep herself in clothes;
An' ma she tells him how she tried
To please him all the while,
An' pa he snorts and looks aside—
An' then I see him smile.

An' pa he growls and looks so grim
An' then begins t[illegible] knock,
When ma, upstairs, calls down to him,
"Please come and hook my frock!"
But ma she softly smooths his hair
In such a loving style
Jus' where the gray is comin' there—
An' then I see him smile.

### A Feminine Discussion.

"What are those women discussing now?"

"An opera they attended."

"I am glad to see them talking music."

"It isn't that. They attended what was advertised as a bargain matinee and the discussion is as to whether or not it was a bargain."

### Strictly So.

"This firm claims it ought to have protection for its business, as it is an infant industry."

"What is it?"

"Manufacturing baby ribbon."

### Her Own Way.

She—"No, Jack; I fear we could never be happy. You know I always want my own way in everything."

He—"But, darling, you could go on wanting after we are married."

### Oh, Mother!

Mother—"Here is nice all-day-sucker."

Robert—"But I don't want any sucker."

"You must eat it when we get on the street car."

"Why?"

"So the conductor will think you are much younger than you are and I will only have to pay half [illegible]"

### Nice [illegible]hem.

Teacher—"Good little boys do not skate on Sunday, Corky. Don't you think that is nice of them?"

Corky—"Sure t'ing!"

Teacher—"And why is it nice of them, Corky?"

Corky—"Aw, it leaves more room on de ice! See?"

### Too Bad.

"Even brooms are getting higher."

"Now of all those things, you would expect to find a sweeping reduction in brooms."

### PLAIN FARE AND PLAIN FACTS.

There isn't any doubt
My landlady's devout;
When each one's in his place
We wait while she says grace
For food we have to eat,
For shelter, clothing, heat.
My glance is thankless, bold—
The coffee's growing cold.

I think it is a sin
To cut the bread so thin;
Nor do I hold it wrong
To make the coffee strong.
Her birdlike appetite
Oft stays my final bite;
She views the morsel lost
And figures out its cost.

I know that I should feel
For a substantial meal
Not this resentment rude,
But simple gratitude.
Still, while I criticise,
I cannot close my eyes
To faults she can't afford—
I owe for six weeks' board!

### Ham and Eggs.

Husband (testily)—"Oh, if—if—if! You remind me of what the fellow who got lost in the woods said to his companion."

Wife—"Well, what did he say?"

Husband—"He said: 'Now, if we had some ham we'd have some ham and eggs if we had some eggs.'"

### One or the Other.

Johnson—"Next time I pass with a lady you've got to take your hat off and show you're a gentleman."

Brown—"An' suppose I refuse?"

Johnson—"Then you've got to take off your coat."

### The Reason.

The Girl—"You say that Miss Padds and Jack Pott are to be married. Why, I didn't know they knew each other."

The Cynic—"They don't. That's why they are going to be married."

### Owing to Family Trouble.

In correcting the exercises of her class a teacher recently observed a new name inscribed on one of the papers—Will Evans. She looked round the class, but could see no new boy. Not a little puzzled, she requested Will Evans to stand forth.

Up jumped Will Jones, and the teacher got more puzzled still. "Your name's Jones," she said, "not Evans."

Will looked not a little abashed and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Please, ma'am," he said, "it's owing to family trouble. I didn't do it, please, ma'am."

"But," she said, sternly, "I repeat your name is Jones."

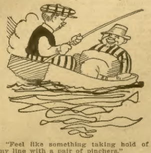
"Please, ma'am," said the boy, "it's changed now. Ma's married the lodger."

### Left It Behind.

An Irish soldier had lost his left eye in action, but was allowed to remain in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place. Being a typical "absent-minded beggar," he appeared on parade one day minus his left "lamp."

"Nolan," said the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its proper place?"

"Sure, sir," replied Nolan, "I left it in my box to keep an eye on my kit while I'm on parade."



"Feel like something taking hold of my line with a pair of pinchers."

"Sh! Maybe you've got a nibble from a submarine."

### An Opportunist.

They were watching the boys coasting down the snow-covered street on their sleds.

"Ah," said the elder of the two men, "that's the sport! Doesn't it make you think of your happy childhood days?"

"No," replied the other. "It makes me think how slippery that street is going to be after a while, and how easy it would be for you or me to fall and break an arm or a leg while trying to cross it. Every man should provide against such contingencies by carrying an accident policy. I happen to have an application blank in my pocket. You'd better sign it now before it's too late."

### A Tart Remark.

The saying that a woman doesn't like to tell her age may be cruel slander on the sex, but it was true of Mrs. Thompson. She never missed a chance of letting her friends know she was years younger than her husband.

"Yes, George is 50 years old," she remarked to a visitor one day, "and there are ten years between us."

But the visitor was an elderly spinster with a sour disposition.

"Is that so?" she exclaimed, in well-assumed surprise. "Now, really, you look quite as young as he does."

### Not Easily Fooled.

She hailed from a remote country village in England, and had traveled by rail on a visit to friends who resided in a distant town. While entering the railway station for the return journey she found to her dismay that she had lost her handbag which contained her return ticket and cash. After a fruitless inquiry and search a lady to whom she had spoken of her loss very kindly offered the suggestion that the old dame should wire to her husband at her expense and ask him to telegraph a money order, also telling him the circumstances in which she was placed. She assented to this and the telegram was sent and duly delivered to the old dame's husband.

He tore the missive open and read it.

"Any answer?" asked the messenger.

"Na, nor brass, neither," said he; "they'll find they nobbut got a noodle this time. They'll not hoodwink me; that bain't Mary's writin'. I could tell 'ers from hundreds."

### The Polite Professor.

A certain professor is unusually courteous, both in and out of the classroom. One day he made a bonfire in his back garden. The flames, creeping rapidly thru the dry stubble, frightened him, and he believed his house was in imminent danger. So he ran wildly down the street, crying at the top of his voice:

"Help! Fire! Fire! Help!"

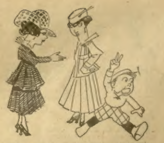
And then, as if thinking himself too abrupt and urgent, he politely added, so his neighbors say:

"That is, all those who can conveniently do so."

### A Lot of Trouble.

"What is your reason for believing in the nebular hypothesis?" asked the man who is always seeking information.

"I don't know that I exactly believe in it," replied the scientist. "But after a man has gone to the trouble of finding out what it is, it seems a shame to contradict it."



"You seem to have become resigned to Willie's going in swimming."

"You see, dear, it's about the only way I can get him to wash his face."

### Football Results.

A store in a certain district displays in one of its windows this notice:

"Football results received here."

Into this haven one Saturday evening a man entered, supporting a young man whose figure testified to the fact that he had been engaged in some deadly encounter.

"Ye receive football results here, I see," said the former.

"Yes, we do," replied the clerk.

"Well, here's one from the football match; ye might keep him till he comes to himself."

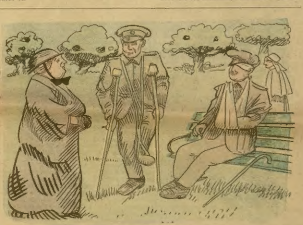
### Quick Wit.

Four-year-old Donald was out on the lawn, wrestling with a somewhat older boy, and getting decidedly the worst of it. His quick wit thought out a way to avoid defeat, so he called out:

"Mamma, did you call me?"

Not receiving any reply, and being on the verge of defeat, Donald yelled desperately:

"Call me in, mamma, call me in quick!"



Dear Old English Lady—"Have you two men been at the front?"

Soldier—"Bless you, no, mum. We've just had a scrap together to keep fit."

### Domestic Finesse.

"These are unusually fine cigars, Mrs. Jiggers. Your husband is lucky to have you select them for him."

"Oh, he doesn't smoke that kind regularly. I use them to slip one in his pocket whenever I give him a letter to post."

### Epicurean Approval.

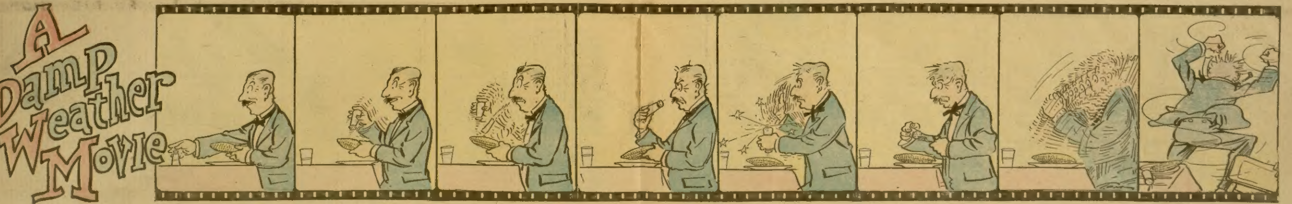
"How are you getting on with your garden?"

"First-rate," replied Mr. Crosslots.

"Raised anything good to eat?"

"I should say so. Why, the neighbors' chickens simply can't wait for the stuff to get ripe!"

## SALT IN DAMP WEATHER



Most Anybody—"Ah, new green corn! I'll put some salt and butter on this and enjoy myself!

"Green corn would be mighty poor eating if one didn't have salt to give it pep.

"What's the matter with this blame salt shaker anyway? Why don't the stuff come out?

"Oh, shucks! It's all glued up! It's a wonder people wouldn't keep salt shakers open!

"I'll beat the liver out of the ding-busted thing! No good, it won't come!

"I'll ram the holes open with a fork! Oh, rats, I'm getting prickly heat!

"Come out of there, dog-gone you! Come out before I bust you, durn ye!

"Help! Police! I'm goin' insane! Let me out of this before I explode!"

# On the Big Drive

## Or, Glen Dayton's Fortune

### By Milford Merrill

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

[illegible] No. 22, May 27. Subscriptions [illegible] with that issue or back [illegible] be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.

THAT was the most successful drive ever known on the Muskalong. Early in the fall Glen arrived at Oxbow, flushed with victory, the magnificent sum of $20,000 being his profits in the enterprise. No wonder the youth felt elated

He was not quite happy, because he had heard it whispered that at Christmas time Myra Weatherby was to wed the man of her choice, the wealthy Garlow Rexford of Chicago.

Once, soon after he had settled his accounts, paid off his large crew of men, and fetched his aunt to the best hotel at Oxbow for a short residence, it entered the mind of Glen that this marriage might be to consummate a bargain by which the supposed millionaire lumberman was to be saved from bankrutpcy. If this was true, the boy, now soon to come into his majority, felt sympathy for pretty, proud Myra, whose heart was not in the coming marriage.

Glen went often to the Waldens'. Letty was a young woman now, and confided in her boy chum the fact that Jared Grayson and herself had come to an understanding at last.

"As soon as Jared gets the appointment he expects we will be married," said Letty, whose piquant face was all blushes and shy confusion under the honest gaze of her old chum's gray eyes.

"Congratulations are in order, I suppose," sighed Glen. "But how soon does Jared expect this appointment, and what is it to be?"

"Oh, not for a year anyhow," exclaimed Letty. "You see, he won't be of age till then, and the appointment may [illegible] for a longer time even than th[illegible]"

"But the appointment?"

"Oh, I don't quite know; something [illegible] a good salary, tho."

"Yes, I see," and Glen raised his brows and whistled

When Glen got back to the hotel, the clerk handed him a card on which was written in pencil

"Come up to Room 98. Something of importance

No name was signed to the card Without hesitancy the youth went up the stairs. Elevators were not in evidence in those days. He rapped lightly on the door of 98. It was opened, and Glen entered.

"Sit down," said the tall, slender occupant, pointing to a chair. "I have something of importance to say."

Without sitting, Glen stared into the face of the speaker. He saw before him the man he had seen with his Aunt Eunice in the garden at Beaver's some weeks before, the man who had had the audacity to kiss his aunt. The man's smoothly shaven face had a familiar look as well

"Don't you know me, Glen?" and the man burst into a laugh.

"I've seen you somewhere [illegible]"

"Oh, yes, plenty of times. You saved my life once; and you have been good to Eunice; that is sufficient for me to know. I am going to make it worth your while, my boy."

Glen looked closer. "By George!" he ejaculated. "You look a lot like that man Simon Hethridge, enough like him to be his brother; and yet——"

"That's who I am," and the other smiled gleefully. "I have discarded my long beard and been barbered otherwise, besides putting on a more civilized garb I am to be more of the world hereafter, Glen Dayton, and you and Eunice are going to have the benefit."

"I don't quite understand," said the puzzled boy. "I see now that you are my old friend, the hermit, but what is Aunt Eunice to you?"

"The best friend a fool of a man ever had, Glen, my boy, voiced the other, in a shaking voice "However, we will talk of her later. It is with you I have to do, Mr Dayton. There are big things in store for you if you take my advice. I am worth a good bit of money, as you may have guessed?"

"Yes, I guessed that all right, sir."

"And Shedd Weatherby wronged me once beyond restitution. I swore to get even with the grinding old villain, and the time for doing so has come"

Glen nodded comprehendingly. The man went on.

"With the assistance of a friend, a Mr Shiverdang, I have managed to [illegible] nearly all the paper held by Weatherby[illegible] creditors. I am able now to give him the finishing blow. Knowing how he has been your enemy in past transactions, I thought you might wish to be in at his finish. Since you are to become a part and parcel of my future life, I want you to take hold and aid me in th[illegible] work of running the big Weather[illegible] mills."

"[illegible] sir," cried Glen, "it cannot be [illegible] really [illegible] of this [illegible] outstanding paper to seize the big mills here in Oxb[illegible]"

"Such is the fact, my boy," smiled the other. "Not only the big mills, but thousands of acres of standing pine besid[illegible] enough, if held for a few years, to make its owner ten times a millionaire. I need not tell you of the rash speculations Weatherby has gone into during the past few years. It is enough to know that the sudden panic in the money market has caught him short, and he is now completely at the mercy of his creditors, of which I am chief—in fact, almost the sole one

"Yes," gasped astonished Glen "You must have a lot of money [illegible]"

"Enough, you may be sure, [illegible] ing. "I discounted [illegible] and covered the whole with [illegible] dred thousand dollars. Will [illegible] with me, my boy?

"I shall have to sleep on it, Mr. Hethridge"

"I would rather have you answer now"

What do you wish me to do sir

"To take over the Weatherby property; to oversee all the lumbering operations, including running the three big mills, your salary to be $20,000 per year I have watched you for more than two years, boy, and I know what I am up against. Eunice's nephew shan't go begging for want of a job, rest assured of that. Weatherby himself will of course step down and out."

"Which means that he will be utterly ruined?"

"You might call it that, unless he redeems the property within a year, which is not likel[illegible]"

[illegible]'s countenance fell. He was not quite ready to aid in the utter downfall of the great man of Oxbow. He thought of Myra, and what all this would mean to [illegible] His sympathies went out to that g[illegible] strangely unaccountable manner

At times she had seemed the warmest sort of a friend; at others she had camped with his enemies. He would talk with Letty first. She would know how to meet this new emergency where her Cousin Myra was concerned. It was a little strange, too, that if the Chica[illegible] financier, Mr. Rexford, could aid Weatherby he did not come to the scratch.

"Your offer is a magnificent one so far as I am concerned, sir," declared our hero, "but I must insist on having a day or two to think it over

"All right, my boy Call here again when you have made up your mind.

Glen went from the presence of the strange, one-time hermit, his mind visibly perplexed over the astounding revelations of Simon Hethridge.

He called soon again at the Waldens'. Letty granted him a private interview in which he spoke of the Weatherbys, especially of her proud Cousin Myra.

"I have heard something about Uncle Shedd's trouble," said the girl, who was always perfectly frank with her old schoolmate. "He has got into deep water, and Myra has been asked to save the family name and fortune."

"Myra? In what manner?"

The boy's heart was in his throat.

"By marrying the man from Chicago, Mr. Garlow Rexford He has asked for her hand, and I believe has given assurances of his willingness to help Uncle Shedd out of his financial difficulties."

"It seems to me he is too old for Myra."

"About twenty years her senior," laughed Letty. "But you know a lot of money covers a multitude of defects"

"I know you don't believe that, Letty. Jared hasn't much [illegible]"

"Nor have I. Money has no call on me unless a good man goes with it."

"With Myra it is different, I suppose?"

"Why do you suppose so, Mr. Smartness?"

The eyes of the girl were snapping little [illegible]

[illegible] Rexford [illegible] she will marry and save her fa[illegible] him

[illegible] don't think you be[illegible] that, Glen."

"[illegible] houldn't I?" [illegible] "Myra has [illegible] a riddle to me, and I confess [illegible] and her a little bit. You [illegible] time there was that snob of [illegible] and now——"

[illegible] is this Chicago man, old enough to be her father [illegible] dvanced Letty, [illegible] a queer look in her dark [illegible] old-time chum. "Don't let her sacrifice herself if you can help it, [illegible] Myra isn't so bad when she is her real self—and she is my very own cousin

On the following day, as Glen was walking down one of the back streets of the little city, he heard the whir of wheels that stopped suddenly almost at his side. He glanced up with a start of surprise to see a carriage holding only one person, that one the prettiest girl in all the West.

[illegible] claimed the [illegible] log-driver [illegible] the vehicle [illegible] hand on the boy's shoulder. Her face was pale as she lifted her veil, and the bright eyes were red from recent tears

Please get in and ride with me, Glen.

[illegible] needed no second invitation He was soon at her side. The girl guided her team toward the open fields beyond the town. Not a word was spoken for several minutes, the horses going forward at a smart trot

"Why are you out alone?" finally asked [illegible]

[illegible] to get away from hi[illegible] [illegible] y from whom [illegible] that man Rexford

"But I heard you were going to m[illegible] him, Myra"

"Well, they all say I must, but I don't want to, Glen," and the little golden head fell to her companion's shoulder and she began to cry. He waited [illegible] paroxysm was past gently [illegible] [illegible] from her hands

"Why, Myra, I don't blame you," he

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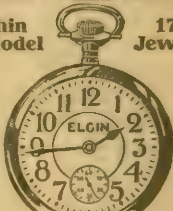

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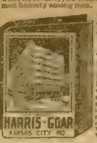

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finally said. "You are only a schoolgirl, not ready to marry for several years."

"It—it—isn't that so much," sobbed the girl.

"But it's the man. Well, Myra, don't you marry him. He's too old for you, anyhow. I'm sure you will like a younger man some time, even if he isn't as rich as Mr. Rexford."

"Riches! My, I hate riches! Wish I was poor as Letty. Then I could do as I pleased about marrying. But papa will be ruined unless I do marry, so what am I to do? I wanted to see you, Glen, and tell you all about it."

The boy was duly thrilled at her words. She allowed her head to rest against his shoulder while she recounted to him the story of her parent's sad financial plight. Nothing but this awful marriage seemed able to save her parents from poverty.

"There's a man who has bought up all the accounts against papa," concluded the girl, "and he means to push payment on them right away. Oh, I hate that wicked man! He does this because he wants to get even for something or other, but it's mean all the same."

Glen agreed with her, of course, trying to soothe her as best he could.

"You shan't marry Rexford," was his assurance. "There must be some way out of this muddle without that."

"Oh, Glen, if you can only find a way!" and the girl caught and kissed his hand in a way that assured her companion that she regarded him as a most firm friend.

"I'll find a way, Myra, rest easy on that score," declared Glen, remembering the offer Hethridge had made him, and feeling assured that he was now in a position to answer the man from California.

## CHAPTER XXII.

GLEN went back to his hotel and to Aunt Eunice. The woman was far happier than he had ever known her to be. She seemed to have grown several years younger since her return to Oxbow. She told her nephew it was because he had made good, and was soon to place himself in the business world as one of its successful men.

"And to think you will not be 21 years old for two months yet!" cried the glad aunt thru a mist of tears.

"At which time I will be a man," said Glen, "able to manage the money I have made in the lumber woods. Now I want to ask about that man, auntie."

"That man, Glen?"

"Simon Hethridge, the man whom I have known for years as the Hermit of Yellow Swamp, a sort of worthless drift-about, who turns up all of a sudden as the friend of Nick Shiverdang, the Wisconsin lumberman, and also a good friend of yours, Aunt Eunice."

"What do you wish to know about him, Glen?"

"All that you know, auntie," quickly answered Glen. "What is he to you? While he was posing as a simple old hermit, he never introduced himself to you, in fact fought shy of meeting you at all, altho I invited him to the house more than once. Now he turns up, shaved, clad in the garments of a gentleman, and has become on very friendly terms with my aunt. Moreover, he is rich as Croesus, and has a grudge against Shedd Weatherby. How long have you known the man, Aunt Eunice?"

"Something over twenty years, Glen."

"Well, indeed, and you never told me!"

"We had trouble, Glen," explained the aunt. "Something came between us—between Simon H. Trescott and myself. That something drove him away from me to become a wanderer upon the face of the earth, while I turned to my sister's little son for comfort in the worst grief that ever overtook a friendless woman. And I have found comfort indeed. You have proved worthy of your name, my boy, and I am very happy."

"But," persisted Glen, "what about the hermit? What is he to you?"

"He is my husband, Glen," she replied, with a low laugh. "We have been separated nearly twenty years, and Shedd Weatherby is in part to blame. He circulated false stories about Simon. I, like a silly young wife, believed them, had a spat with my husband, and he left me nevermore to return, as I thought. Thanks, however, to my husband's better sense, he did return. He has been in the vicinity for years watching over me, with his pockets lined with the gold he dug in California, yet he never dared address me for fear of being snubbed.

"I long since learned that what Weatherby said of Simon was false, and would have been reconciled long ago, had my husband only come to me. It was by a mere accident we met a few weeks ago. Now we are fully reconciled, and will have a splendid home for all of us very soon."

"And it was you that induced this man to make me a most stunning offer," cried Glen, his whole face lit with a wonderful revelation.

"I may have suggested something of the kind."

"Oh, I know it was you, mother dear. I may call you mother, mayn't I?" pleaded the successful young log-driver, moving toward his aunt.

"Of course you may, dear boy. You have long been a son to me, and hereafter you may call me 'mother;' it is the sweetest name in the language."

The boy and his aunt were very happy together for the next half-hour, at the end of which time Glen ask that she would influence Mr. Trescott in favor of Shedd Weatherby. He told of his talk with Myra, and of his own desire to save her father from financial ruin.

"Uncle Simon has all the accounts; he can be magnanimous if he will," said Glen. "I trust you will use your influence, mother——"

"Trust me for that, my boy," broke in Mrs. Trescott. "Altho this man Weatherby did me a terrible injury, yet for your sake and for Myra's I will do what I can."

And she did.

The strange man, known as a hermit, an unshaven wanderer upon the face of the earth, called Glen to him at his room at the hotel, and listened to what the successful log-driver had to say.

"So you wish to be lenient with this man Weatherby, Glen?" solemnly remarked the strange man. "I am not surprised, for my nephew has a good heart, and would treat his enemy with the utmost tenderness. Yet it was thru his one mean act that your aunt and I were separated. I am so happy now, with my wife restored, that I am quite foolish enough to do as you think best.

"You see, the other side of the story is not wholly black. Had nothing come between Eunice and me, I would undoubtedly have remained around home, content to be only a mediocre man of everyday affairs; perhaps would even now be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for men of Shedd Weatherby's ilk. As it is, I was driven from home, fled to distant parts, became a gold-seeker among the far-Pacific miners, and after long years of hardship made good. I am rich. All of this might not have been but for the villainy of Weatherby.

"Thus reasoning, it may be that I owe him much," and the man smiled now. "You shall have your way, nephew mine, so go now and meet the old lumberman. Whatever bargain you make with him Simon H. Trescott will ratify. Are you satisfied, my boy?"

Glen grasped the speaker's hand in a warm clasp, while his gray eyes swam in tears.

"I would suggest that you take a hand in the future business, Glen——"

"Trust me for that, Uncle Simon."

And Glen, the one-time boy rollway breaker, lumber rafter and boss of the Big Drive, made his way to the presence of the one-time king of Oxbow, smilingly faced him in his den, and told him to his face how he could save his bacon.

"I can influence the holder of these notes and mortgages so that you may continue the business as before," explained the boy, standing at his full height, leaning against the corner of the great man's desk, looking the mogul of Oxbow squarely in the face. "Because Letty Walden is my old school chum, and because you have dealt fairly with her parents, and because I very much respect your brave young daughter Myra, I am here to do the square thing. Are you ready to listen, Mr. Weatherby?"

Indeed he was. He saw before him a youth budding into manhood—handsome, proud and resourceful—one who had, despite his opposition, won his way to a place in the business world. A boy—nay, a man now—with money and friends at his back, ready to conquer the world.

Weatherby bowed his proud old head saying: "Speak on, Glen, I am ready to listen."

Our hero then outlined his plan. He would take over all the outstanding indebtedness, accepting an equal share as partner in the business, taking his place at the head of the firm of Weatherby & Dayton as business manager, with a salary of $20,000 a year.

"That is my ultimatum, Mr. Weatherby. Now what is your answer?"

"I accept, of course," replied the other, again seizing and pressing the hand of his new partner.

Glen went from the presence of the humbled old boss of Oxbow to meet a pretty, golden-haired girl of 18 who stood waiting for him in the garden. The boy had won his desire, to get even with the man who had despitefully used him, to humble the man, and yet to lift him back into his old place among business associates, first, however, giving him to understand that it was by the mercy of the boy he had once tried to humble that he was to stand as a man among men once more.

Myra, smiling yet crying, clasped the hand of her boy friend, while he told her of the result of his interview with her father.

"And you are to be one of the firm, Glen," exclaimed the happy girl. "Oh how fine that will be!"

"I shall be 21 in two months, Myra," laughed he. "What do you say to our becoming something more than friends after that date?"

"Why, Glen, how you talk!"

He kissed her blushing cheek and went on his way.

Some time later, after his aunt and uncle were established in a splendid home in the best part of the city, a home that was to be Glen's as well, the boy who had so signally won his way to fame and fortune received a letter with a Vermont postmark. It proved to be from Phil Deckford, of whom Glen had thought much in his silent moments alone.

"Dear Old Glen: I am back at the old home, with mother and dad. I was a weak fool ever to roam. Do you know, Glen, after that fall from grace in the lumber woods, I never dared to look you in the face again? I ran wild for a little while; got back my senses finally, and made a bee line for old Vermont and home. I've been here several months. I've joined the Good Templars, am in school, and with God's help mean to make a man of myself. It was thru your example and kind words that I reformed, Glen. I thought you ought to know this, and that I appreciate everything you ever did for me. May Heaven's richest blessings ever be upon the head of you and yours. Gratefully,

"PHILIP DECKFORD."

Our hero felt a warm glow suffuse his heart as he read the letter. It gave him food for much thought, and he went directly home and wrote a long, friendly, approving letter to the once dissipated young minister's son.

With our hero at the head of one of the greatest business firms of his day, with friends and money, with the brightest of prospects before him, it will not be necessary to follow his fortunes further.

His Aunt Eunice was installed in a beautiful home, with a loving companion to care for her every want. Glen was now a business man of prominence, and Myra, the girl who had often snubbed, irritated and made jagged his nerves, while at times she was as loving as a dear sister, capitulated to her father's partner some two years later, and Glen with his young and pretty wife founded a new home in Oxbow, one of the happiest in all the town.

Jared and Letty were finally married, of course.

Happy Jack Adams returned to Waukegan. Some years afterward Glen heard of him as one of the prosperous dairy farmers of Illinois. Many and many a firkin of sweet dairy butter found its way from the Adams farm to the boarding-houses of the mill firm of Weatherby & Dayton of Oxbow, Michigan.

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## Enid Ayron's Man

(Continued From Page 5.)

[illegible] as the men who formerly worked for Cranston, had been seeking in a quiet way to find him and "put him out o' his misery," as one of them said. For McGruddy had [illegible] weird tales, and so smoothly had he [illegible]

Cranston walked erect. The men [illegible] and those in the rear tried to [illegible] closer to him Mc- [illegible] behind his mus- [illegible] oncoming Englishman, but his fears grew apace. Somehow the men did not seem to be so [illegible]dthirsty as he had hoped they might [illegible] And somehow the whole thing [illegible] to center upon himself and [illegible]ston, without the much looked for [illegible]der interference.

[illegible] time, stepped [illegible] [illegible]er a log and stood before Mc-[illegible]

"[illegible] e you—alone'" he an- [illegible] placing his left hand on McGruddy's shoulder he spun him around until he faced the trail to Little Tellerode.

"Walk—quick!" he snapped, and the Doctor, shifting his eyes from side to side, automatically obeyed the command.

But Cranston had yet to escort his enemy thru the lines of miners. The solid rank refused to break, and disengaging his hand from McGruddy's arm, Cranston stepped up to the men. His right hand was buried in his pocket.

"One side, gentlemen," he said curtly, but the men shuffled their feet and looked blankly past him.

"Quick!"

The rambling eyes stopped, and flashed back to the determined Englishman [illegible]fore them. A long, blue, busin[illegible] revolver stared them in the f[illegible] steady point of that gun was [illegible]

"Quick!" repeated Cranston, and slowly, deliberately, surely the men fell back until a narrow lane was formed between them, with the trail in the center. Then Cranston, his stocky companion at his left side, walked, uninterfered with, down the long trail and into the office of the smelter.

[illegible] turned the key in the door and [illegible] nervous man.

"N[illegible], Doctor McGruddy," he said genially, "we'll balance th[illegible]

(Continued Next W[illegible]

# Classified Want Ads

## Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

### SALESMEN WANTED

WANTED—HUSTLERS TO TAKE ORDERS for made-to-measure high-grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $26.00. Make $25.00 to $50.00 weekly. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. B, 41 [illegible] non St., Chicago.

### AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR instead of a dollar a day. Sell Mendets, the famous patent patch for instantly mending leaks in graniteware, tin, brass, copper utensils and rubber goods without heat, solder, cement or rivet. Sample package and handsome catalogue of fast selling specialties free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707 B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

WHO WANTS TO MAKE MORE MONEY selling brushes that every household needs? Special method of getting entrance to demonstrate. Fuller Sanitary Brushes are nationally advertised—largest output—best terms and prices—western distributing stations. Your territory is valuable. Write Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn. Rock Island, Ill.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILLOW tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk J-3, Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRESENTATIVES to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS: SELL OUR NEW TRIPLICATE Sauce Pan. Make $100 to $300 a month easy. Saves Gas. Cooks 3 foods on one burner. Write quick for territory. Div. B. L., American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

AGENTS—PAIR SILK HOSE FREE. STATE size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. F, 112 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BIG PAY—AGENTS NOT EARNING $100 monthly should write the largest manufacturers of transparent handled knives and razors in the world. We will show you how. Novelty Cutlery Co., 123 Bar St., Canton, O.

SALES AGENTS TO CO-OPERATE WITH our sales department and build up million dollar enterprise with article in big demand. Get exclusive territory rights today. Philham Mfg. Co., 804 S. 6th St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—$60.00 A WEEK, TRAVEL BY automobile and introduce 300 candle power coal oil Lantern. We furnish auto. Write for particulars. Thomas Co., 811 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

DRIVING AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county for Birch Motor Cars. Write quick for full information. Birch Motor Cars, 1611 Tower Bldg., Chicago.

FORD OWNERS—MAKE BIG MONEY selling much needed accessory for Ford cars. Write. Detroit Engineering Products Company, Detroit, Michigan.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. [illegible]

I WILL START YOU IN THE MAIL ORDER business "free" if you handle my goods. Crest Company, F, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

$10.00 PER 1,000 ALLOWED DISTRIBUTING free Soap Samples. Pocket Soap Co., Lebanon, N. H.

### HELP WANTED

MEN, WOMEN WANTED EVERYWHERE [illegible] nt jobs. $75.00 to $[illegible] [illegible] tions Common [illegible] immediately f[illegible] [illegible]sitions no[illegible] Dep't M 3[illegible]

LADY OR GENTLEMAN TO TRAVEL FOR old-established firm. No canvassing. [illegible] line $18 weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. K. Nichols, Philade[illegible] Pa., Pepper Bldg.

BECOME CHAUFFEURS. $18 WEEK Learn while earning. Sample less[illegible] Franklin Institute, Dep't. M 810, R[illegible] N. Y.

### HELP WANTED—Male and Female

$[illegible] TO $[illegible] PER MONTH EXTRA MONEY [illegible] ing with regular work. No selling, no canvassing. Positively no investme[illegible] ployed need not apply. Address [illegible] Mirror Co., Inc., 215 W. Randolph [illegible] Il[illegible]

### MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OFFICE, rural carrier exams' everywhere soon. [illegible]t prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert [illegible]tterson, Rochester, N. Y.

NO STRIKE: HONEST, SOBER MEN everywhere for firemen, brakemen, baggagemen. $120 monthly. Promotion. Expe[illegible]

### MALE HELP—CONTINUED

A POSITION IS OPEN FOR YOU IN THE Government service after we have helped you qualify. My money back offer guarantees it. Write quick for big free book D. A. 1048 Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

BOYS WHO WANT TO BECOME BASEBALL stars send name for valuable free information. American-National Baseball Syndicate, Dept. P, St. Louis.

I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY at home, silvering mirrors; free instructive booklet. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS; $75.00 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 170, Rochester, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOROUGH instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

GOVERNMENT FARMERS NEEDED. BIG salaries. Permanent job. Light work. W[illegible] Ozment, 68F, St. Louis, Mo.

### FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES, MAKE APRONS AT HOME. Material sent prepaid. No canvassing. Send 10 cents (silver) for pattern and particulars. Wells Company, B-438, Fort Madison, Iowa.

LADIES—CROCHET AT HOME; EARN $5 to $15 weekly; nothing to sell; dime and stamp for sample. Royal Art Co., Grand Rapids, Wis.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

LADIES—MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME, $10 per 100; no canvassing required. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Phila., Pa.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVEST $10.00—MAY MAKE FORTUNE! Oil is making millions for investors in Texas. Single wells producing upwards $15,000.00 daily. $10.00, on easy terms, secures interest with us in Valuable, Proven Oil Lands. Send for literature today. Great Southern Oil Association, 900 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

OIL. $10 INVESTED WITH US HAS MADE others $300 in less than six months. Let us send you our magazine, "Profitable Investments," six months free, which tells how to [illegible] money make you independent. [illegible]mpany, 407 Fannin Street, Houston, Texas.

TEXAS' OIL TRIANGLE MAKING MILLIONS for small investors. $1 to $5 month[illegible] yield big profits under our co-opera[illegible] [illegible] stock, you own land [illegible] quick. Particulars free. Triangle Oil [illegible] Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid [illegible]—to better yourself—[illegible]nge goods or services.

### MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES, [illegible], $100 each. No correspondence [illegible] Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., [illegible] Cincinnati.

### FARMS WANTED

FARMS WANTED—HAVE 4,000 BUYERS; describe your unsold property. 504 Farmers Exchange, Denver, Colo.

### NAMES

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR NAMES AND ADDRESSES. Send dime for contract. Direc[illegible] Grand Rapids, Mich.

### MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

MAKE MONEY QUICK—IN MOVING PICTURE business. We start you and furnish guaranteed outfit on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Catalog free. Monarch Film Service, 228 Union Ave., Dept. C, Memphis, Tenn.

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog Free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

### FARMS FOR SALE

LANDSEEKERS! SMALL OR LARGE tracts; best County in Michigan; general farming, poultry, truck, fruit; $10 to $20 per acre; small first payment, balance long time. Write today for full information and map free. Swigart Land Co., X1249 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BEING LEFT A WIDOW AM FORCED TO sell dairy farm, 211 acres finest in County, buildings cost $10,000, bargain, $70 per acre. Mary Feltenstein, R 9, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres good land, near town, price $200.00. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

### FARM LANDS FOR SALE

PROFITABLE LITTLE FARMS IN VALLEY of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, $250 and up. Good fruit and farming country, send for literature now. F. H. LaBaume, Agr. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Virginia.

### SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 314, Hannibal, Mo.

### HONEY

BEST QUALITY NEW CLOVER HONEY. 30 lb. can $3.45; two or more cans $3.30 each. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sample 10 cts. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

### PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description [illegible] of your invention. My [illegible] gets full value. 19 [illegible] patent book free. [illegible] Barrister Building, Washin[illegible]

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? [illegible] your ideas, they may bring you [illegible] for "Needed Inventions," "Patent [illegible]" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to in[illegible] and where to sell it. Manufacturers const[illegible] writing for patents. Help supply the d[illegible] Books free. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen [illegible]ing, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS ADVERTISED FREE IN POPULAR Mechanics Magazine if [illegible] through our Credit System. Send [illegible] Free Search [illegible] D. C.

THE PATENTOMO IS FREE AN EDUCATION in obtain[illegible] 1865. Anderson & [illegible] Wa[illegible]

### INSECTS WANTED

CASH PAID FOR BUTTERFLIES, INSECTS [illegible]

### PERSONAL

LADIES—WHEN DELAYED OR IRREGULAR [illegible] able. "Relief" and particulars free. Not sold at drug stores. Write National Medica[illegible]

LET ME TELL YOU HOW TO STOP THAT Ladies worry. No drugs. No other expense. Safe, sure. Write for sealed personal [illegible] Inclose $1.00. Mrs. Z. Schaefer, 3256 West [illegible] St., Chicago, Ill.

OLDEST, LARGE[illegible] CLUB, 60,000 MEM[illegible] [illegible] lets. [illegible] California.

### PERSONAL—CONTINUED

MARRY A RICH LADY. WOULD YOU marry a real nice lady who could greatly aid you financially? If so, then I dare you to answer this today, as I will gladly introduce any worthy man to hundreds of ladies desiring marriage, ages eighteen to sixty, who claim to be worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. More particulars, including hundreds of descriptions of ladies with many nice, large, beautiful photos sent free to any man who answers within ten days. (No general deliveries.) Kindly enclose postage. Address "Sincere," B520, Valley, Nebr. This notice is genuine and will stand fullest investigation.

LADIES — USE MEXICAN "TRIPLE-Strength" Remedy for monthly relief. $1 [illegible] prepaid. Money back if it fails. Avoid [illegible] dangerous drugs. Tex Chemical C[illegible] [illegible] Texas.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ESTELLE. REAL life. Naked Truth. Can't tell about it here. Sent sealed. Plain wrapper, 25c. George W. Baumbach, 95 St. Marks Place, New York.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REMEMBER we Cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

HAVE FRIENDS, SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Receive letters, postcards, mail, membership 10c. Evergreen Club, Reynoldsville, Pa.

LADIES, WHY WORRY EACH MONTH? Take one tablet every night. Never worry. Safe, harmless. Month's supply for 50 cents. Welch Medicine Co., Chula, Ga.

LOVERS, SEND ONLY 20 CENTS, FOR $1.75 packages Patented Lovine Sachet. Real thing. Guaranteed. Never fails. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

LADIES, STOP WORRYING, SURE, SAFE. Harmless tablets, $1.00 prepaid. Plain Wrapper. Michigan Remedy Co., 17 Kendall Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPTIONS and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH [illegible] and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES—SANDERSON'S COTTON ROOT Pills; safe and sure cure for delayed periods. Price $2, money refunded if it fails. Address Dr. T. Pierce, Seattle, Wash.

LADIES—DON'T WORRY. WHEN DELAYED or irregular, use Lady Elgin tablets. Mail $1 box; double strength, $1.50. Every box guaranteed. Dr. Eva Pierce, Seattle, Wash.

MARRY. MANY WEALTHY, WISH EARLY marriage; years of experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, [illegible]

EVERYBODY SUFFERING PILES, FISTULA, [illegible] Ulceration, Constipation, Bleeding [illegible] Write free trial. Positive Pain[illegible] Auburn, Ind.

MEN, IF NERVOUS, WEAK, RUN DOWN, [illegible] for a trial package of Hercu[illegible] wonderful upbuilding tonic. M. Os[illegible] 318 West 42d St., New York.

FUTURE FORETOLD — SEND DIME, birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. [illegible] Mrs. R. Lane, Laurel, Nebr.

WEALTHY WIDOW, 27, ANXIOUS TO marry. International, Box 959, Los [illegible], Cal.

MARRIAGE PAPER — HIGHEST CHARACTER; sealed; send 10c. B. W[illegible] [illegible] 1616, Denver, Colo.

15 CARDS, DIFFERENT READING, FOR men only, 10c. Silver. Wm. Walker [illegible]

MARRY RICH — DESCRIPTIONS AND Photos Free. Oldest and best. Address, Pilot, Dept. 48, Franklin Park, Ill.

LADIES TAKE COTTON ROOT TABLETS. [illegible] Regulator. $1.00. Radium Mfg. [illegible] Louis, Mo.

FUTURE AND PAST TOLD. SEND 10c and birth date. James Smith, 326 Madison St., Chicago.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL p[illegible] ed. Mailed free. The Corre[illegible]

FUTURE TOLD—10c BIRTHDATE. FLORENCE Edwards, 305 S. La Salle St., Dept. A, Ill. Chicago.

MARRY RICH; HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO [illegible]

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUB[illegible] [illegible] results reliable [illegible] Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY RICH—BE PROSPEROUS AND happy. Write New Home Club, Los [illegible]

WIDOW, 21, WORTH $50,000, WOULD marry. M., Box 584, Messenger, Los [illegible]

LOVERS' PERFUME POWDER. SECRET [illegible] two dimes [illegible] [illegible]ct Co., Akron, Ohio.

# Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June . 1886, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

## GENTLE JABS

Lots of men marry young because they are

Borrowing is but one step above begging.

The man in the honeymoon is not a myth.

If you would please a woman, don't talk—listen.

The bass drum makes a lot of noise because it is empty.

Talk isn't cheap when you hire a lawyer to do it for you.

The rolling stone reaches the foot of the hill in due time.

Wigs, according to the language of flowers, are lie-locks.

Two can play at almost any game, but one is apt to quit loser.

Corkscrews have sunk more men than cork jackets have saved.

It's surprising how smart a boy can be—when his mother tells it.

Keep cool if you would be in a position to strike while the iron is hot.

It is said that love will find a way, but a lot of spinsters are from Missouri

When a man gets the right brand of religion his horse soon discovers it.

A small tumbler is responsible for many of the slips attributed to the cup

The more reason a man has for indignation the less comfort he gets out of it

The receiver may be as bad as the thief, but the loser feels worse than either

To a man of 40 the best thing about a picnic is the excuse he can invent for not going.

His satanic majesty hasn't much use for the man who attends strictly to his own affairs.

But a man never has the same interest in life after he loses the principal he has in the bank

We admit that we are superstitious but not to the extent of preferring twelve dollars to thirteen

A boy's mother has to teach him to say his prayers, but he can learn to swear of his own accord

A successful man is entitled to less praise than the man who makes another effort after each failure.

Nothing makes an angry wife so frantic as the refusal of her husband to hand her a line of back talk.

When a man tells a widow that he is not worthy of her love she mildly denies it—but does not argue the point

A leap year girl who proposed in vain to half a dozen men says there isn't much difference in them—but a lot of indifference

# Home and Health

### HELPFUL HINTS.

When ironing it is a good plan to get a clean brick, a white one if possible, as stand. The iron will retain heat much longer than if an open iron stand be used

Put some crushed egg shell into a bottle, then fill half full of strong soapsuds and shake thoroly. After rinsing in clean water you will find the bottle looking like new

Holes in walls can be stopped with plaster of paris, but mix this with vinegar instead of with water, or it will harden so quickly that it will be difficult to manipulate

Silk, after it has been washed, loses the slight stiffness that characterizes it when new. Those who have tried the following claim very good results Pour one-half pint of boiling water over one-fourth of a pound of gum arabic and allow it to dissolve. Strain thru a muslin and keep in a bottle. One dessertspoonful is used in one-half pint of water

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### IN THE KITCHEN.

GRILLED MUTTON.—Slices from leg of mutton, one shallot, parsley, bay leaf, thyme, one tablespoonful salad oil, fried potato chips, one-half pint piquant sauce Cut some one and one-half inch thick slices from the thick end of a leg of mutton, season with pepper, salt, chopped shallot, parsley, bay leaf, thyme and a little salad oil. Let the meat remain in the seasoning for one hour before cooking, then grill or broil the slices for one quarter hour and dish on a pile of fried potato chips. Serve hot with piquant sauce

FIG CUSTARD.—Wash a pound of figs and cover them with water to cook an hour, add the juice of a lemon, a few bits of peel, which may be removed after the figs are tender. Make cup custards, using four eggs, a half cupful of sugar, a quart of milk and a pinch of salt. Cook the custards and on top of each place two spoonfuls of the fig mixture, cover with a meringue or whipped cream and serve cold.

TOMATOES WITH CHEESE.—Tomato sliced, placed on buttered toast, sprinkle with grated cheese, then placed in the oven long enough to melt the cheese, is an appetizing dish to serve for lunch or supper.

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### NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

In drawing threads for hemstitching or drawn work, wet a small brush, rub it on a cake of soap and then on the threads you wish to draw, and they will come out easily and without breaking.

If a small hook and eye are placed at the ends of the rubber around the knees of little boys' bloomer suits, the rubber is easily removed when the suits are washed, and the bloomers can then be ironed out flat

A serviceable and inexpensive cushion can be made by folding an old comfort into any size desired, and covering it with flowered brocade or white duck. These make excellent cushions for porch swing or lawn bench in summer

Many doors, thru shrinkage of wood are quite two inches from the floor, allowing dirt and draft to enter. Fold about three thicknesses of paper just the width of the door and about two inches deep. Cover with baize or serge, as near as possible to the color of the door. Sew on three small rings, one about a quarter of an inch from each end, and one in the middle. Fasten into the door three small screw hooks, with well turned-up ends Hang on by the rings This perfect draft preventer thus moves with the door, keeps in its place, yet is easily removed and brushed.

Select a plain white spread of a good quality and rather heavy. Cut from chintz a bunch of roses or a spray of [illegible] colored flowers and paste one in each corner with a larger one for the center. Sew to the spread and finish the raw edges with a fine feather stitch or with a long and short buttonhole stitch. This idea can be carried out for scarfs to cover the dressing table and bureau Make the scarf of linen cut to fit the top of each and finish the edges with a scallop or a hem and finish this with the stitch that was used on the spread. Cut out the flowers and applique to the edges of the scarf. Bunches of the same flowers can be added to the corners of the white curtains with good effect

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### CHILDREN'S MANNERS.

The bad manners of American children are notorious. Obviously, it is not the children who can be held to account for this. Certainly the responsibility must rest with American parents

Our children are bad-mannered mainly because we in authority over them set them such striking examples of bad manners

Yet, we are not as a people ill-mannered. Strangers visiting our land have borne witness repeatedly to courtesy received and kindness observed We are thought to be rather genial, frank people; the very vastness of our country lending us, it is supposed, a certain generosity and self-reliance, and the democracy of its form of government giving every man that sense of self-respect which is one of the foundations of good manners.

It cannot then be said—speaking very generally, of course—that we are wont to behave ourselves with discourtesy toward others So it is not usually from his observation of our treatment of others that the child has his lessons in bad manners, he has them, rather, from a source more likely to impress him, he [illegible] toward him

To others he sees us kind and very courteous, with a special courtesy. He notices that we are markedly polite to visitors, noticeably considerate of guests or casual strangers His mind making its logical deductions, reasons that manners and courtesies are things to be put on and off; to be assumed at need, or neglected at will, and since it is others who reap the benefit of them, and not himself, he acquires, logically enough, a distaste for them, and looks upon them as affection more or less and insincerity

To discard or scorn them himself is then, a kind of virtue in his eyes; and to have nothing to do with them is warrant of his own downrightness. This more often than not, is the real basis of bad manners in our children. If the child were spoken to with the same gentleness and courtesy with which he finds us speaking to strangers and visitors he would like good manners without doubt, and would imitate them

If the home was as well ordered and as courteously conducted for its inmates as it is on those occasions when guests are present, we would have no problem of Tommy's or Jenny's bad manners to wrestle with.—Mother's Magazine

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### HUSBAND AS A DOORMAT.

Is the American husband a doormat? That highly interesting question is raised by "An Englishman" in a letter to the Philadelphia Ledger, says that newspaper. There is no doubt as to his reputation for chivalric devotion, deserved or undeserved, remarks the Ledger. Woman rules in the American home to an extent unknown elsewhere. It is not comfort of "the master" that is considered, but the convenience of "the mistress." The domestic clock is set to her engagements. Her supremacy in this respect is invariably a matter of surprise to foreign observers of our manners and customs

Perhaps the feature of the relation between husband and wife which they are least able to understand is the arrangement by which the one simply accumulates money for the other to spend. In other words, the American wife seems to these critics to be more regardful of her privileges than of her duties Europe has so often seen her living away from home for months or years at a time, traveling, studying, educating her children, or what not, while the patient breadwinner keeps his nose to the grindstone to supply her with the means No other husband in the world would stand for that

Eve in the play prefers the devil to the doormat, as "An Englishman" points out. Are there many American women who would agree with her? How far do they differ essentially from other women, who like to feel that the man is the stronger? Or, perhaps, it would be better to say, who like to let man feel he is the stronger. Quite possibly the American wife is somewhat too fond of the pomp and circumstance of power. She uses the muzzle and chain where a kindly word would suffice. Men are delightfully easy to manage, largely because they never really understand women, and the unknown is inevitably full of terrors. That is all the more reason why women should refrain from cruelty. Even a doormat may be worn out if you wipe your feet on it too often

BE YOUR OWN BOSS

$50 to $100 A WEEK EASY

DAYDARK POST CARD MACHINE

Photos direct on post cards—no plates films

Interest Big Demand, Big P... same day outfit arrives

DAYDARK POST CARDS AND TINTYPES

furnished to fit all machines Unequaled for speed and quality. Baird writes: Yours are the best cards I ever ... on count on my business as long as I use a minute machine.

If you want to make $2,000 this year write ... Free our Ten Day Trial Offer and our Big Free Catalog

DAYDARK SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 46 Daydark Building, St. Louis, Mo.

$2.50 a Month

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to ... positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases

19 Jewel Burlington

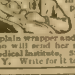
All sizes for both men and women

The great Burlington Watch sent on approval. Pay at rate of $2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

Write Today for Free Watch Book

See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts. Write today

Burlington Watch Co Dept. 5016 19th & Marshall Blvd Chicago



To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Hundreds of women have proven by experience that dread and fear are unnecessary. Pain can now be reduced to almost nothing by discoveries of Dr. J. H. Dye, life-long specialist in such cases. Book explaining fully how to bring strong, healthy children into the world with almost no pain, sent free in plain wrapper and postpaid to any woman who will send her name to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 52 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for it today.

The Old and Reliable
Dr. Isaac Thompson's
EYE WATER

is both a remedy for weak, inflamed eyes and an ideal eye wash. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you.

25c At All Druggists or Sent by Mail Upon Receipt of Price

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO
165 River St., Troy, N. Y.

LEARN TO DANCE!

Be Popular at Parties. ... you meet the prettiest girls and handsomest fellows

New, Simple Method. I teach you at home, no music needed. Everything made simple. Same way I teach society ... and professional dancers

One-Step Course for $2.00. Send money today and ... or write for particulars

Prof W. C. Peak, Dept. 4 702 Cornelia St. Chicago

SEX KNOWLEDGE ILLUSTRATED $2 BOOK FOR $1

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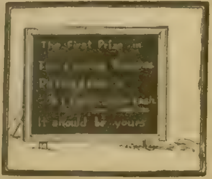

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Long Time Coming
Almost the Same Thing
For His Own Good
Two Minutes Off
Not Always Infallible
A Helping Hand
Bound to See It All
Saving Him Steps
Business Is Business
Out of the Question
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The Fall
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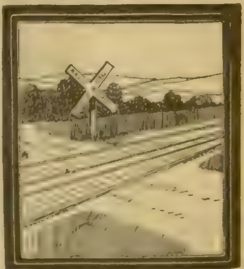

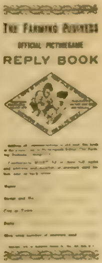
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# Motorcycle Mark

## Or, Rivals of the Wheel

### By Jasper Merriweather

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CHAPTER I.

"SANDY GRISWOLD caught seven good bass in the old fishin' hole, yesterday, he told me himself, Mark."

"And Fred Smith said he saw the string, so that ought to settle it, Bantam; but between you and me, this is a heap sight better day for fishing; because the wind's square in the south, and there are heaps of clouds sailing over to shut out the sunlight."

"Besides, you know a new place that ain't been fished this season, and we've got the dandiest lot of worms ever seen; ditto a can of live-bait, and some little greenback frogs that ought to do the trick. But please hold up a mite, Mark; my short legs can't keep time with your long ones on this dusty old pike. Plenty of time before the day gets old; and we've got our lunch along, remember."

"Yes, but I had so many chores to do that it held us back," the taller boy went on to say; "we'd stood better luck if we'd got there earlier in the morning."

"And I ate so much breakfast that I had to lie around grunting till you showed up; but I've made my mind up to reform, and quit stuffing. Think of it, when the boys started calling me Bantam I really was only a little runt, and the name seemed to fit all right; but say, when any stranger hears 'em shout at me now, they just throw up their hands and grin all over. Why, it'd be closer to the mark if they dubbed me hippopotamus, or something that means fat and hefty. I'm a banty growed up, seems like."

And as Mark Fletcher glanced sidewise at his best chum just then, with a smile on his face, he felt compelled to admit that the other was not far out of the way when he made that remark. Bantam had disappointed his comrades; for after that nickname had become settled good and hard on him, he suddenly developed an inclination to "spread out," as he termed it; for while still short in stature for his age, he was tremendously wide in girth, and would weigh half again as much as Mark.

But then, like most stout boys, Bantam was as a rule as good-natured as the day was long; and moreover could be depended on to cling to a friend thru thick and thin, which was one reason Mark Fletcher felt proud to have him for his chum.

Of course Bantam had another name; indeed, when he was christened, he found himself staggering under a superabundance of riches; for in the family Bible it was written that the only child of the rich widow, Mrs. Lightfoot, when he grew older, could choose from Adolphus Gustavus Gregory as to which he would care to be known under. And now, right and left, he was known simply as "Bantam!"

Mark Fletcher was one of several children. He had a father who filled the position of station agent in the town of Cumminsville, and who had been lame for years, tho able to hold down his position. The mother had a small monthly sum coming in, and this helped out, with the salary of the family head; but for all that luxuries were not in the habit of coming Mark's way; and whenever he wanted anything, like a baseball suit, or a new pair of skates, the boy was in the habit of finding some means for earning the money himself to purchase the same, out of school hours.

He had various ways of doing this that none of his companions understood. Mark knew where to find the choicest mushrooms during the late summer, when the heavy dews caused them to spring up overnight. He roved the woods with such purpose that he discovered where new batches of wild ginseng grew, that no one had ever run across before; also the golden seal, and other valuable plants, the dried roots of which would bring in good dollars.

Then, only the preceding fall, Mark, with Bantam tagging along, of course, had located the storehouse of a colony of wild bees; and on cutting the tree down, not only secured all the honey his folks could use during the winter, but had quite a quantity to sell around. Indeed, his hockey skates represented the proceeds of that beehive in the woods.

Most boys will tramp thru meadow and forest and see nothing around them; but Mark had trained himself long ago to keep constantly on the alert, and make new discoveries all the time. And it is surprising what one can learn when using his eyes and brain in the Big Outdoors.

School being over for the summer, the two chums had planned many little excursions, such as are so delightful to boys. And this day's tramp along the turnpike known as the Old Merrick Road, with the intention of testing a new fishing hole in the Juniper River, discovered by Mark during one of his explorations, was about the first on the list.

Bantam was still wheezing because of the exertion required to keep up with his agile partner, when a sound came to their ears from far back in the rear. Both lads turned to look, and could see a shining streak coming like the wind, amidst a cloud of dust that arose in the rear as tho a whirlwind had passed by.

Again came that hoarse, impatient clamor.

"Hi! it's that overbearin' Ferdy Clifford, as sure as you're born; and bent on burnin' up the road with his motorcycle. He wants to let us know he's out for a spin, and to step aside till he flies past. Guess we'll have to give him the whole pike, Mark, or he'll sure run us down in spite. I wouldn't put it past him to do anything, if only he could be sure of not gettin' hurt himself. Wow! look at him a-comin', would you? What would happen now if he smashed into me?"

"He'd think he'd struck a stone wall, I guess!" laughed Mark, as he stepped back off the road, and swung his fishing pole around in order that it should not project far enough to annoy the mile-a-minute rider, as he swept past like a cyclone.

Ferdy had everything that money could buy, for his father was a power in the town, being at the head of several big companies. He wore gauntlets, leather jacket and leggings, and had on goggles to protect his eyes from the dust while speeding along at this fearful clip.

As he passed the two boys he waved a hand at them with a disdainful movement so different from what any other fellow would have done that Bantam ground his teeth and remarked bitterly:

"He sure does like to make other people take his dust, Mark. And did you see how he flipped his hand at us, as much as to say: 'Shows your smartness, poor groveling worms, in jumping out of the way when the king of the Old Merrick Road chooses to whirl past!' Say, he makes me tired, that Ferdy Clifford does, with his overbearin' ways. Thinks because he's the only boy around these parts that's got a buzz-wheel he can lord it over us all. Why, honest, I could get one tomorrow if I wanted; but whatever would I do a-roaming around all by my lonely? When you get enough loose coin saved to send off for your machine you'll start me on the same racket; but not before. I'd rather walk with you than ride alongside that Ferdy; and that's my notion, Mark."

"And let me tell you, Bantam, I'll never forget what you say," the other boy continued, as they again started to tramp along the pike in the dust that was still filling the air; "I never want a better chum than I've got; and let's hope some good luck comes my way soon, so I can add a bunch of money to the little I've got in my bank. P'raps I might be able to get a second-hand machine by next year. Why, by then Ferdy will have tired of his new toy and be willing to sell cheap!"

At that the stout boy laughed merrily.

"Don't count too heavy on that, Mark," he went on to say; "because you take it from me, long before fall comes that motorcycle'll be in the discard, and only fit for the scrap-heap. Huh! the reckless way Ferdy goes whoopin' over these here roads, he'll be lucky if he hasn't broken his neck in the bargain."

"Well, much as I'd love to own a machine like his, I'm not going to eat my heart out wishing," was what wise Mark observed. "I know of heaps of dandy ways to have good times, and we'll see great times between now and when school takes up again in September."

"You just bet we will, Mark!" exclaimed Bantam, enthusiastically. "There never was a feller able to think out more schemes for havin' jolly times than you've always been. And I'm gladder'n I c'n say to know you picked me out to be your best chum. Why, right today I reckon we're goin' to have a picnic that'll go ahead of anything that sneering Ferdy ever took part in. He's only happy when he c'n lord it over every other boy in town. Sure he's got a set taggin' after him, some of the meanest fellers in school; but it's only his money they care about, and not Ferdy. Some day he'll make that big chump, Dan Powers, mad, and then I reckon Ferdy'll get his medicine right quick."

They strode along by the side of the road, talking in this way, for some little time after the boy on the shining motorcycle had shot past them at such a furious and reckless pace, as tho bent on showing them what a wonder he was awheel; for Ferdy was only content when causing the pangs of envy to fill the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact.

The new fishing hole that Mark wanted to test on this day lay a considerable distance away from town, and up the Juniper. The boys might have used their wheels for at least a part of the way, only that Mark's needed a new tire, which he did not like to spend his hard-earned money for, having been promised a fairly good one in trade by some boy who was out of town just then.

"There's that pasture and woodland where Farmer Crump keeps that sassy little black bull of his'n," remarked Bantam, after a while. "They say he chased some fellers clean across lots, a week or so ago, and tossed Butch Bradford over the fence—anyhow, that's what I heard, tho p'raps Butch just made up part of the story to account for the scratches on his face. And looky there, what d'ye reckon that little girl is doing in that lot, Mark? Seems to be huntin' late wild flowers. Gee whiz! somebody ought to tell her it's dangerous staying in there. What if that black bull should gallop out of the woods and chase her? Oh! My stars! Listen to that bellow, would you? He's seen her, Mark, and there he comes right now!"

No need to tell Mark that. He had dropped his fishing pole at the very first sound, and was already running as fast as his legs could carry him along the road.

The little girl over in the open field had discovered the black bull herself by now, and altho filled with horror, no doubt, bravely set out to try and reach the fence alongside the road. She was not so far away from it but what she might have gained the point of safety, because the bull had stopped to toss up the soil with his short horns, in a way his kind have of doing when about to attack man or beast, and this gave her a last chance.

It happened, however, that thru some bad luck the girl caught one of her feet in a crooked root. The more she pulled the tighter the cruel root seemed to clasp her ankle, so that she was perfectly helpless to escape. And the bull by now had stopped tossing up the earth, starting to gallop straight at his intended victim!

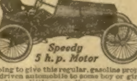
Bantam uttered a groan of despair, for when excited it was customary for him to utterly lose his voice. He had climbed to the top of the high stake-and-rider fence, but had the rescue of the child depended on Bantam, nothing could have saved her; for good tho his intentions might be, he was powerless to accomplish anything.

Fortunately, however, Mark was not built on the same clumsy and slow-witted line, and already had he scaled the fence, so that he was in the field with the oncoming bull and the helpless child.

CHAPTER II.

"OH! MARK, look out, he's comin' a-tearin' for you!" Bantam managed to shriek, tho it was only with an effort; and he poised upon the topmost rail of the stout fence, hardly knowing how he could do anything that would help his chum, who, he understood, meant to try and draw the attention of the oncoming animal to himself so as to save the little girl, still struggling vainly to release her foot from that miserable root.

"Wait till he chases after me; then



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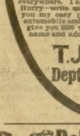

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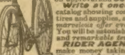

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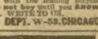

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help her get free and over the fence. Get that, Bantam?" shouted Mark.

"Y—es!" Bantam replied, his eyes fastened on the jumping figure of his chum, who had drawn a red bandanna handkerchief from a coat pocket, carried along to keep his neck from getting blistered in the burning sun's rays, and was wildly waving it up and down to attract the attention of the bull.

It must have succeeded in doing what Mark intended it should, for all of a sudden the furious beast was seen to stop short, look intently at the flaming object, and then swinging to one side, start with lowered head toward Mark.

"Now, get busy!" the boy shouted at the top of his voice; and altho fairly wild to see what was going to happen, Bantam knew that it was up to him to be doing what he had been told by his quick-witted chum; for these slow boys fall into the habit of allowing some other one to do most of their thinking for them.

He fairly tumbled off the rail fence, and gaining his feet, made direct toward the spot where the little girl crouched, evidently almost frightened to death by what was going on.

Mark Fletcher knew that he had a big proposition on his hands when he started in to play bull-baiter, with not a particle of experience, and only his own agility to save him from being impaled on the short but ugly horns of the charging animal. He had a general knowledge of how the men in the arena jumped aside just at a critical second, in time to avoid the rush of the beast, and this was what he expected to do.

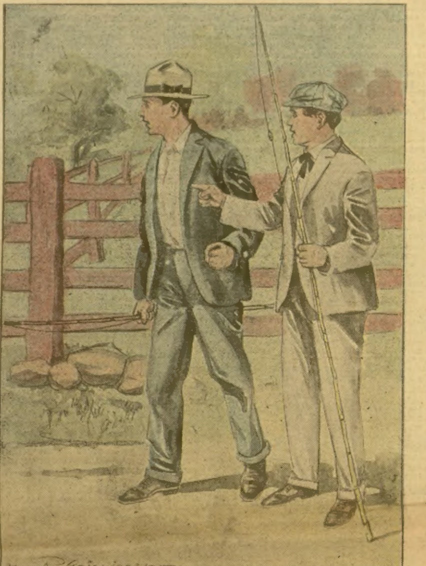
Fortunately his foot did not slip on the grass, which was a mercy, and he was able by a quick movement to spring out of reach of the bull, which charged past him. Of course the animal knew that his attack had failed; and upon turning shortly, and discovering that hated red flag still waving defiantly, he once again started toward Mark.

This was just what the boy wanted above all things. It gave clumsy Bantam all the time he needed to release the little girl's foot from the root, and get her over the friendly fence. Until that had been accomplished Mark knew he must keep the bull employed, always at considerable risk to himself.

After that first experience the boy felt more confidence. He found that the animal was clumsy, and not in the same class as himself when it came to a show of agility and quick action.

All he had to fear was some accidental slip that would prevent him from getting out of the way as speedily as he required. Mark knew if such a thing came to pass he would find himself in a bad fix; and that his only course would be to hang on to the head of the bull as well as he could, so as to avoid being pinned to the ground under those ugly horns.

His second jump aside was as successful as the first had been, altho the boy actually felt the body of the passing animal touch him, and this gave him a chill. He found time to flash a hasty look over toward the spot where Bantam and the child were at that moment; his chum had succeeded in releasing the foot of the little girl and was hurrying her toward the fence. If only Mark could delay the inmate of the pasture lot two minutes longer, there was hope that the crisis might have passed. After that it must be up to him to effect his own escape, which he believed he could manage.



*"There he comes right now!"*

The bull seemed to have caught sight of the others now, for he was looking in their direction. Mark began to have a fear that he might chase after them; and only too well did he know how clumsy Bantam could be when excited. There was no telling what he might not do if he saw that terrible little black bull galloping straight at him.

So Mark, being desirous of calling the attention of the beast in his quarter once more, gave a series of shrill shouts, and flaunted his red bandanna more violently than ever. And then the bull turned his head, caught sight of that hated color that bade him defiance, and filled with the old fury, once again bore down on waiting Mark!

This time the boy believed that should he be able successfully to let the bull pass by without being thrown down, he might start in doing something looking toward his own safety. Of course there was only one way in which this could be effected, and that was by reaching and scaling the fence.

If anything this third charge on the part of the king of the pasture was more furious than either of those that had preceded it. Besides, the bull had gained some wisdom thru experience, and was more to be dreaded than ever. But the boy felt his footing, so that he might not slip at the critical moment, since so much depended on his being able to whirl out of the way in time. He bent over, and waved the handkerchief as far from his body as possible, thinking that in this way he would divert the attention of his enemy from himself.

To his horror he found that the bull was now aiming directly for him, and not the red streamer. This meant that he would have to jump forward rather than draw back, if he hoped to escape the charge.

He could just faintly hear Bantam shouting something or other of which he was unable to make head or tail; but from the fact of the other being able to give tongue at all, Mark took it for granted that he must have succeeded in lifting the child over the fence to a point of safety.

That cheering fact nerved the boy considerably, and seemed to lend him additional strength to make his desperate effort to balk the now shrewd rushing beast. At just the right second he flipped the handkerchief back and forth so as to distract the attention of his foe, and then sprang forward.

It was even a closer call than before; indeed, the shoulder of the rushing animal struck Mark a blow in passing that upset him, tho he was on his feet like a flash, and running for the fence, with Bantam standing erect on the top rail, trying to shout, but unable to make a single sound thru excitement.

Mark did not depend, however, on any one else to warn him that his foe was once more bearing down upon him. He could hear the heavy trample of hoofs, and glancing back, saw the lowered head of the charging bull, which was once more coming on like a black fury. As the fence was still many yards away, this forced the boy again to prepare for a side leap, and he hoped that he would have better luck than on the last occasion. He had learned that when the animal reached a certain point, it was always possible for one who was as quick as a cat on his feet to get out of the way; and as the bull was heavy and clumsy, he could not change his line of attack very easily, so that he was bound to go speeding past.

And possibly, had Mark given the matter any consideration, which he hardly did, he might have realized just how those Spanish bull-fighters manage to settle the game when the charging beast is just about to toss them with his horns. But as he had no sword and no inclination to pose as a matador, he allowed himself to think only of getting to that friendly fence, that seemed ever so far away right then.

Mark had sized up the situation in the one look he took around. He believed that if he only managed to get a good start, by making a speedy little run he would be able to reach the fence ahead of his enemy. And before then he had gone over as high a barrier as that with a rush, so that this part of the business did not daunt him.

Somebody was coming along the road shouting at the top of his voice. Mark guessed that this might be the father of the little girl, who had discovered her danger much too late to be of any assistance, and was now hurrying to the spot where Bantam had lifted her over to safety.

Well, here was the bull again, meaning to bring about his downfall if it could be accomplished. His last rush showed that as yet he gave no evidence of being in any degree "winded," as Mark may have hoped would prove to be the case.

Watching his chance, the boy quickly danced aside, and then ran with all his might in a diagonal direction for the fence. As it was not possible for the beast to pull up short, he must waste several seconds in coming to a halt, and then look around to discover where this elusive antagonist might be located.

Seconds were what counted with Mark just then. He knew the bull would speedily glimpse him again, and probably make a fresh start; but even that was going to be to the advantage of the runner, already covering the ground as swiftly as ever he may have galloped home from third base at the tap of the bat striking the ball, with two hands already out, nothing to lose, and everything to gain.

It was even impossible for him to turn his head, so as to judge of the nearness of the beast, since that little effort would cause him to lose more or less advantage. He must take the chances, such as they were, and go over that fence as a runner might surmount the barricades in an obstacle race—on the jump.

Mark saw that by good luck he had approached a part of the fence that offered him the best sort of a showing as it could be mounted in hot haste. He seemed to have his anxious eyes glued upon the rails, so that he may even have picked out the very places where he would step in going up that high fence, as if it were a ladder, tho with almost incredible swiftness because of the necessity for speed.

In imagination he could feel the hot breath of the coming bull, and the trample of those hoofs smote his heart with a cold chill. But if anything these facts only added wings to his flight.

Now he had arrived at the fence. Bantam, still perched on that upper rail not far distant, held his very breath with awe, for he knew that the slightest accident at that critical stage was bound to result disastrously to his brave chum.

Up Mark soared, like an eagle rising after a swoop down toward the ground. He seemed to hardly touch a toe to the rails, but went over with all the ease of a hurdle jumper, clearing a barrier that had no terrors for him. And none too soon was this done, for the bull, altho attempting to pull up short after realizing that his intended prey had given him the slip, could not keep from being propelled against the fence in a way that made the whole structure tremble, and threaten to fall at another attack.

But Mark was safely over, and could afford to snap his fingers at the bellowing bull, which proceeded to toss up the earth again with his horns, as tho giving vent to the poor opinion he held for such a sprinting foe, who declined to stand before his rushes and strive for the mastery.

Panting for breath, yet smiling with satisfaction, Mark Fletcher saw the gentleman come running along the road, and clasp the little girl in his arms. Then, while the boy was still leaning against a tree near by, trying to recover his wind, Bantam led the father and child proudly over to Mark. He had managed to reclaim his lost voice, after all the excitement had passed away, for he was saying as he came up:

"This is the boy who did it, Mr. Chamberlain; and I'm proud to say he's my chum, Mark Fletcher. This gentleman is the father of the little girl, Mark, and is stopping with the Briarleys up at the big house. He wants to thank you for saving his daughter from being gored by that fierce old bull. And if I do say it myself that mebbe oughtn't, it was as neat a piece of work as anybody ever set eyes on. Gee whiz! but you did jump out of the way the slickest! What would have happened to a feller like me, d'ye reckon? But it took Mark to play the game, sir, sure it did."

This highly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *

It's the bald-headed man who never says "dye."

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Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

—Backache?
—Rheumatism?
—Run-down?

Those of us who are past middle age are prone to eat too much meat and in consequence deposit lime-salts in the arteries, veins and joints. We often suffer from twinges of rheumatism or lumbago, sometimes from gout, swollen hands or feet. There is no longer the slightest need of this, however, as the new prescription, "Anuric," is bound to give immediate results as it is many times more potent than lithia, in ridding the impoverished blood of its poisons by way of the kidneys. It can be obtained at almost any drug store, by simply asking for "Anuric" for kidneys or backache. It will overcome such conditions as rheumatism, dropsical swellings, cold extremities, scalding and burning urine and sleeplessness due to constant arising from bed at night.

# Ledger Embroidery

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra. These designs are stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described. You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them. Any person can get one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents. The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; ½ months 50 cents.

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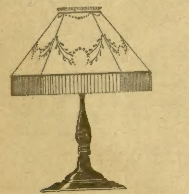

No. 4071, Lampshade.

**NO. 4071, LAMPSHADE**—How many times have you looked with envy at the beautiful lampshade made by one of your friends? Here is your opportunity to get one of these latest design lampshades. This one is stamped on white Irish linen and six skeins of mercerized floss are sent you to work the design. Given for $1.50 in subscriptions to either the Blade or the Ledger or for $1.50 in subscriptions to both papers.

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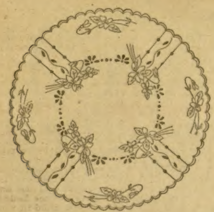
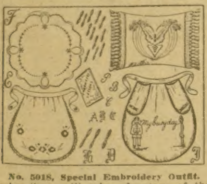


No. 363, Centerpiece.

**NO. 363, CENTERPIECE**—Stamped and tinted on a serviceable grade of tan ticking, measures 21x21 inches in diameter. Included with each are six skeins of colored floss. Will be mailed for $1.00 in subscription to either the Ledger or the Blade, or for $1.00 in subscriptions to both papers.

—

**NO. 5018, SPECIAL EMBROIDERY OUTFIT.**—This is one of the best bargains we have ever been able to secure for our subscribers. We hope all our subscribers will take advantage of the opportunity while the stock lasts. The outfit consists of the following: One pillow top, size 17x21 in. tinted on pure brown linen; one centerpiece, size 18x18 in., stamped on white art cloth; one apron, stamped on white lawn; one clothes pin apron, stamped on ecru art linene; twelve skeins of white cotton floss, for working out designs on tea apron and centerpiece; three skeins of colored floss, for outlining design on pillow top; four complete transfers, alphabets for marking lingerie, baby wear, table cloths and napkins; one 8-page illustrated embroidery booklet, giving description of all the principal stitches in embroidery. The whole outfit sent for subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger amounting to $1.50.



No. 5018, Special Embroidery Outfit.

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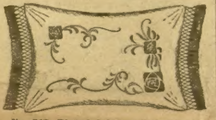

No. 312, Tinted Library Table Scarf.

**NO. 312, TINTED LIBRARY TABLE SCARF**—On pure Russian crash, size 17x54 inches. Matches No. 302 pillow top. Six skeins of colored floss included with scarf. Will be sent for $1.50 in subscriptions to either the Ledger or Blade, or for $1.00 in subscriptions to both papers.

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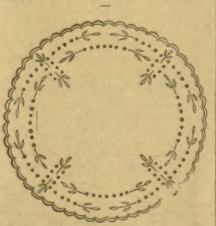

No. 373, Centerpiece.

**NO. 373, CENTERPIECE**—Stamped on real white Irish linen, size 18x18 inches, including four skeins of cotton floss for working. Sent for $1.00 in subscriptions to either the Ledger or the Blade or for $1.00 in subscriptions to both papers.

**NO. 373, CENTERPIECE**—Stamped on real white Irish linen, size 36x36 inches, including six skeins of cotton floss. Will be sent for $1.50 in subscription to either the Ledger or the Blade, or for $1.50 in subscriptions to both papers.

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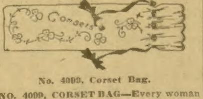

No. 4099, Corset Bag.

**NO. 4099, CORSET BAG**—Every woman should have one of these corset bags. It is made out of genuine white Irish linen and is bound to please you. Four skeins of white mercerized floss are included, and the design, which is stamped plainly, will make a very attractive article. Given for $1.50 in subscriptions to either the Ledger or the Blade, or for $1.50 in subscriptions to both papers.

* * *

## The Trial.

Chief Justice Doherty used to relate an experience which befell him during a visit to a country house in Ireland. His friend, the host, sent a car to the railway station to bring him to the place. He had not gone far when the horse became restless and finally upset the car into a ditch. The judge asked the driver how long the animal had been in harness.

"Half an hour, sur."

"I mean, how long since he was first put in harness?"

"Shure, I've tould you—half an hour, sur," answered the driver; "an' the masther said if he carried ye safe he'd buy him."

* * *

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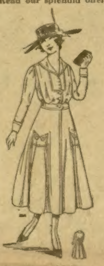
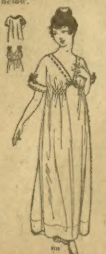
The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



9005 Dress with Three-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



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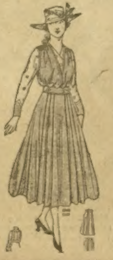
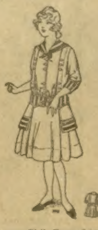
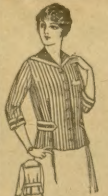


8983 Plain Blouse with Over Portion for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

9081 Four-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



9100 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.



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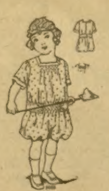

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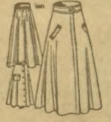

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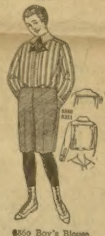

8860 Boy's Blouse, 12 to 16 years.
8351 Boy's Straight Trousers, 4 to 12 years.

### HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

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If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

# "CHUM" AND OUTFIT FREE

"Chum" is the most beautiful and lovable pony you ever saw; a full-blooded, registered Shetland Pony about 42 inches high and weighing about 300 pounds, just like you see in the picture. With "Chum" we send a complete outfit consisting of pony carriage, nickel silver-mounted harness, saddle and bridle. "Chum" and the entire outfit will be sent to the winner free of all charges. There is nothing to pay for, not even express. We pay everything and deliver "Chum" and outfit right to you

Wouldn't you be the proudest and happiest person in the world if you owned "Chum" and his outfit? You can do it if you will solve the puzzle and mail the coupon now, right away. Think of the fun you could have with "Chum," taking your friends out for a drive or riding him on horseback to school. "Chum" knows lots of tricks now and learns tricks very easily. A real Shetland Pony like "Chum" is the most companionable and friendly pony that you ever saw.

Hundreds of boys and girls all over the country have won these dandy ponies. They won them by starting early. As soon as they saw the advertisement and puzzle they went to work to solve it and so got a great big start in the contest. Don't let any one tell you that you cannot win "Chum" and his outfit, for you get an early start if you answer this advertisement right away.

## SOLVE THE PUZZLE NOW AND GET TWO THOUSAND FREE VOTES

To test your quickness, to put you on your mettle and to give you a good running start we are printing the pony prize puzzle shown below. This picture shows two of our friends driving a beautiful pony like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and turning and twisting the picture around you can find them. Can you find them? You will win a prize if you do. Try it. It will pay you.

When you have discovered at least four of these faces mark each one with a cross (X), cut out the picture, send your name and address on the coupon below it and mail it to us. Inclose with it two 2c stamps to help pay the cost of postage and mailing of a special prize which we will send you. We know you will appreciate it and that it will be a big surprise to you.

We will also make you a present of 2,000 Free Pony Votes and tell you all about this splendid pony which we are going to give away with a full set of harness and beautiful pony cart, saddle and bridle. We are also going to give away other prizes for just a little effort on your part.

We want to impress on you that it is very necessary to start at once. It doesn't matter where you live. We are determined to give "Chum" and his outfit to some boy or girl absolutely free, and it may as well be you as any one else. If you don't win, it will be your own fault. We are going to do our part to help you win.

## LIBERAL REWARDS TO ALL

This is the most liberal contest ever announced, and it is so arranged that whether you win "Chum" and outfit or not, if you take part in the contest and start off now with the 2,000 Free Votes we give you, we guarantee that you will be richly rewarded for everything, little or big, that you do. Remember, you get the extra rewards right away. There is no waiting or delay until the end of the contest to get your special prizes or cash rewards.

Up here in our big building we have boxes and boxes of golden treasures that are yours almost for the asking. During the contest we will give away hundreds of bicycles, watches, bracelets, flashlights, and many other presents, too numerous to mention. Our plan is so simple that it seems more like a dream than a reality. Everybody gets a prize. We are a big company and delight in giving away expensive premiums to advertise our great weekly papers. Get your share of these presents. Solve the puzzle and mail the coupon now, before you turn this page. Get in on this great prize distribution, and you will be mighty glad.

## EASIEST CONTEST OF ALL

Easiest contest devised. Our plan is different from others. There are no losers in this contest, and those who show that they really want to win we are ready to help. Start today and you can win this beautiful Shetland Pony, "Chum," and his outfit without any cost to you.

## ANSWER THIS AD TODAY

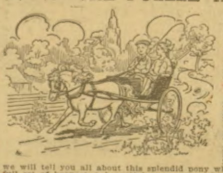
Find at least four of the six partly hidden faces in the puzzle picture, mark each with a cross, fill out the coupon, cut out the picture and coupon and mail it to us with two 2c stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the dandy big surprise present that we will send you. We will also send you a certificate of entry in the pony contest and give you 2,000 Free Votes toward winning "Chum" and his outfit. There are no losers. Every one gets a prize for everything that he or she does and you are not limited to any one prize alone, for you can get many easily—besides, you want "Chum" and his outfit and we are going to help you win it.

## DON'T WAIT—DON'T DELAY—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY ➡

Do not delay another minute, but solve the puzzle and write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us, inclosing two 2c stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the prize we will give you for solving the puzzle. It is dangerous to delay. We want you to win "Chum" and his outfit, and we will help you if you will show that you are quick. The quicker you are to mail the coupon, the better your chance will be for winning. Mail the coupon right away. Address

**W. D. BOYCE COMPANY** PONY CONTEST MANAGER Department L
500-514 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## SOLVE THE PUZZLE AND WIN A PRIZE



This picture shows two of our friends driving a beautiful pony, like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

### YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE

if you do. Try it, don't give up. It will pay you. When you have discovered four of these faces mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us with two 2c stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the present which you win. We will also send you the Certificate of Entry and **2,000 free votes** in our pony contest and we will tell you all about this splendid pony which we are going to give away with a full set of harness, a beautiful pony cart and also a saddle and bridle. We will also tell you about the other presents we have for you.

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**W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,**
**Pony Contest Manager, Department L.**
**500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.**

Gentlemen:—I have marked the four faces on the picture puzzle which I am sending you together with two 2c stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expense of the prize you have for me. Please tell me how I can become the owner of "Chum," with the harness, pony carriage, saddle and bridle, delivered to me absolutely free. Also send me my certificate of entry and 2,000 free votes toward winning "Chum." Let me know also how to earn cash commissions and the many splendid presents you have for me.

My name is..................................................

Box No.............R. F. D. St. No. or P. O..................................

Town..................................................

State..................................................